

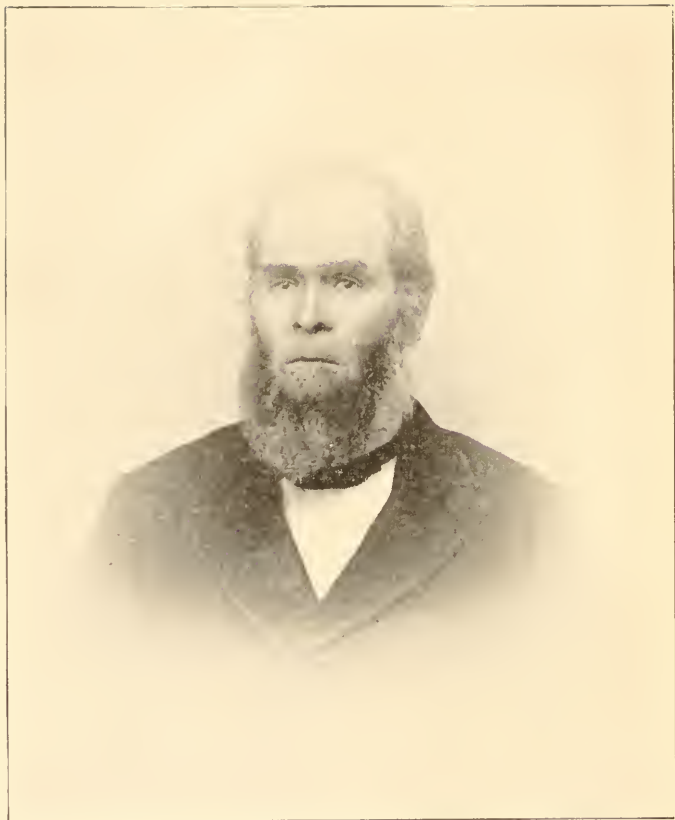
Autobiography
Ellis.

Columbia University
in the City of New York

THE LIBRARIES



Bequest of
Frederic Bancroft
1860-1945



ELD. JOHN ELLIS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND

:: POEMS ::

OF

ELD. JOHN ELLIS,

TRAVELING MINISTER OF THE

LORD JESUS CHRIST

FOR OVER SIXTY-ONE YEARS.

*The last song is finished, the last sermon preached,
The last warning given, the last mile-stone reached,
And the weary pilgrim resteth.*

—C. D. E.

PRICE:—CLOTH, \$1.00; PAPER COVER, 50 CENTS.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO:
PRESS OF THE NEW ERA COMPANY.
:: 1895. ::

438.6
EL 59

Dedication.

To all persons, old or young, in the East, West, North or South, who have been helped heavenward by the singing, praying, preaching or social converse of my deceased husband, the following pages, from his autobiography, are dedicated by

C. D. ELLIS.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is natural for men when seeking office, or when publishing a book, to say that they appear before the public at the urgent request of many friends, which, by the by, is sometimes *true* and sometimes not. This, in my case, however, is true, for I have frequently been requested and even *urged* to let my imperfectly written autobiography, accompanied by a few of my poems, appear in book form.

But thus far I have refused, for two reasons: First—I have but little confidence in myself as a writer. Second—It looks egotistic to me for persons to be speaking or writing things concerning themselves. But I have finally consented to send out a brief history of my past life, accompanied with selections from my poetical writings, hoping that it may interest some and lead them to seek for a higher life.

If any feel to condemn me for it or wish to *criticise* either me or the production, they have a perfect right to do so. I only object to what is commonly called *hyper*-criticism.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

MY BIRTH, PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

LIKE most autobiographers, "I was born of respectable parents, though poor." The immortal Topsy "never was born, had no parents, no nothing, 'specked she growed," but not so in my case, for I had earthly parents and commenced breathing on the 26th of August, 1812, and have been at it ever since. I was born on the banks of the beautiful Hudson, in Albany county, New York. My father was Augustus Ellis, son of Daniel Ellis, of Revolutionary memory, and was in the battle of Bennington, Vermont, and other engagements during the war. He had two brothers, one located in Pennsylvania and the other in Ohio. My mother's name was Joana, only daughter of Zephaniah and Lucy Miller, of Holland Dutch extraction.

When about three years old our people moved, with a number of other families, to Cortland county, New York. We, like most of the settlers, lived in a log cabin which we called "the mansion of the woods." Our house was comfortable and had plenty of ventilation and we all enjoyed it. I distinctly recollect seeing droves of nimble deer pass and repass in day time and of hearing the howlings of savage wolves at night, and sometimes was to be seen the shaggy bear passing by, in his awkward gait, hunting some unprotected sheep-fold or pig sty. And I remember the excitement that followed as men, boys, dogs and guns turned out to give Bruin a chase, which generally resulted in the capture of the bear and the wounding of some of the dogs. A neighboring woman, in the absence of the men, shot a bear and had meat enough to supply the table for a long time.

I was delighted in those days with almost everything I saw and heard and had but few sad hours. I was blessed with a cheerful disposition and inclined to look on the bright side of things and it remains with me until this day. I took great delight in visiting the sugar camp

in the spring and the hay field in the summer, and the snow and ice brought much pleasure during the winter. In the autumn I was busy gathering nuts, especially the beech nut, which was found in great abundance. I enjoyed the birds in summer much and never killed one in my life. I early obtained a pocket knife and commenced whittling my way through this world. I do not know that I possess much mechanical skill, but I made almost everything I saw, and even made a "perpetual motion," all but the motion. It was as good as any one has since made or probably ever will, for thus far they have been perpetual failures.

WHISKY, BEER, CIDER AND TOBACCO.

It was fashionable in my earlier life for everybody nearly to use these drinks and chew and smoke tobacco, but I was a little eccentric, naturally, and took pride in being so, therefore I rejected all of these things, so my eccentricities did me that much good. At one time I thought that tobacco might assist in making a man of me, but upon due reflection I could see *nothing* in it manly, so I gave it a wide berth. I then formed the determination that instead of paying out money for this expensive and injurious weed, I would spend it for *books* and soon had quite a library.

I signed the first temperance pledge I came to and have signed every one offered to me since, not only for my own good, but throwing my influence on the right side. I am, and always have been, a straight out and out temperance man, and if you call talking, singing, praying and voting for the prohibition of saloons in our fair land, makes a crank, I am one, but I call it the dictates of good, sober sense, and where every Christian should stand. If I am a crank the angel seen by the Revelator was one, for John saw him coming down from Heaven with a great chain in his hand, and saw him lay hold of the old serpent—the devil—and bind him with the chain and cast him into the bottomless pit to remain at least a thousand years. So after trying prohibition for that length of time, if it does not work well, we will try some other plan. I am, and have been all my life, opposed to high license, low license or free whisky.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Our neighbors, at least the most enlightened ones, thought best to organize a Sunday school in our rural neighborhood, but some opposed

it. One man thought it would bias the minds of the children before they were old enough to choose for themselves. One preacher said he'd rather his children would go a fishing than to Sunday school—and they showed this teaching, for a worse set of boys were not to be found in all the neighborhood.

One young lad when asked to go said he thought it was for *children*, stroking a little fuz on his upper lip; "I'm a man," but the school was organized all the same and went into successful operation. We had no lesson leaves or papers, cards or singing books; nevertheless we made it go, and it did great good in those times.

A FAITHFUL TEACHER.

A young, pious girl, but inclined to consumption, came to the superintendent and asked for a class. She felt anxious to do some work for the Master before going to her other home. He told her the classes were all supplied with teachers, but there was a seat over there unoccupied; that if she could fill it with scholars she might teach them. So, frail as she was, she went out into back lanes and by paths and got five little boys, my little brother and myself were among the number, and brought them next Lord's day and became their teacher. She had a peculiar gift for teaching children and impressed upon our young hearts the truths of the Gospel. She was so faithful and kind that we loved her and inclined to believe what she said. Her health continued to fail and she grew weaker all the time until finally she passed to her rest in the grave. We joined the procession that followed her remains to the grave, but her pure spirit was in its home in Heaven. Among those following her to the grave as mourners, none were more truly so than those five little boys that she had picked up and placed in the Sunday school.

Years passed on and others taught our class, but none seemed to fill the place in our little hearts like our angel teacher who had left us. In the course of a few years there was quite a revival of religion in that place and *four* of those boys were brought to Christ, dating their conversion in a great measure to the faithful labors of that earnest teacher. And in process of time *three* of those boys became ministers of the gospel. Two of them are still living—my brother, Rev. Z. M. Ellis, of Iowa, and the writer.

In conclusion I would say that our loved teacher was very modest and retiring, hardly dared to call herself a Christian, and yet see what a good work she did in the name of the Lord of glory. What a wave for good she set in motion which is still going on and will until the last sands of time shall have passed away.

“Foot prints in the sands of time, which surely will remain,
Which some sad and lonely brother seeing, may take heart again.”

A DIFFERENT TEACHER.

An egotistic, foppish lawyer from Cortland village took charge of our class one Lord's Day. Our lesson that day was on John the Baptist, so in asking us questions on the lesson he asked how old he was when he began to talk. No child in the class could answer the question, which seemed to astonish the legal gentleman. Then he told us he was just eight days old. Then in turn we were very much astonished, for we had never heard of a baby quite so smart as that, and I think he saw me shaking my head, for he looked at me, saying: “John, don't you believe it?” I answered rather bashfully that I had never heard of a baby talking at eight days old. At this he replied and quoted the text in regard to the *tongue* being loosed and he began to talk and praise the Lord. I told him I understood it to refer to John's father, who had been *dumb* ever since he doubted the announcement of the angel. After stopping and re-reading and thinking awhile, he said: “Well, child, you are right and I was wrong, for I see that it was the tongue of Zachariah, his father, instead of the young child.” I left the school in ecstasies that day under the impression that I had whipped out a lawyer.

MY EARLY EDUCATION.

My opportunities for an education were quite limited, as my father was a poor man and I the eldest son, so I had to remain at home and work when I ought to have been in school, yet I went to school some until eleven years of age, and suppose I learned as fast as most boys of my age. The old fashioned log school house with slab seats and oiled paper windows still linger in my memory as something sacred, and will, I presume, during life. But I graduated at eleven years of age and have not attended school since, although I have gathered quite a fund of knowledge during life that has enabled me to do my life work better than I otherwise could have done.

As to orthography, I never was a good speller, for there is no common sense in spelling anyway. It is a gift of nature that I never possessed, for it is very hard to remember whether it is ie, or ei, or ant or ent, or sion or cion, or tion. These are abstract efforts of the memory. My chirography is also rather poor, although I have written quite a good deal during life. I believe I am right in fashion, for it is the practice among lawyers, judges, doctors and business men generally, I think, to write so that but few can read it. It is said that Horace Greeley could hardly read his own writing. And I remember while editing and publishing the *Gospel Herald*, in Dayton, O., during the *sixties*, I received an article from E. W. Humphreys that I could not make out what it was, so I folded it up and wrote a note for him to write it *plainer* so that I could read it, but he could not read what I had written. When we met afterwards it seemed rather a funny circumstance in both our lives. But every one should correct himself in this matter and write a plain, legible hand.

I have never considered my education finished, and am now anxious, at about eighty years, as ever, to go on learning more. I cannot learn as easily as formerly, for my memory is not as retentive as it used to be, yet I retain what I learn remarkably well for one of my age. I can remember the important points in a lecture or sermon and can repeat them weeks afterward, if called on for them.

Names were always difficult for me to remember, but countenances and locations I remember well. It is said that John Quincy Adams had such a remarkable memory that after being introduced to a large party of persons he could call each one by his name during his stay among them. My wife also has a wonderful memory of names. We have called frequently among strangers and perhaps stay over night and before leaving she would know the name of each child to the number of five or six, and after a year or so return, and she would still remember these children's names.

MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

But to return to my narrative. I was about to say my parents were the embodiment of goodness and truth to me, and they were the end of the gospel to me; whatever else I doubted I did not doubt what they said. They talked to me of God, Christ Jesus and the Holy Spirit; also

of our beautiful home in Heaven and I believed it all. They said nothing about Trinity, for it is not found in the Bible, nor total depravity, or vicarious atonement, or particular election or any of that kind of "jargon," and hence I knew nothing about those *creed* doctrines and care nothing about them now. They taught me Bible doctrine in Bible language, and at my advanced age I wish not to depart from the simplicity of the teachings of the blessed word of life, that is able to make us wise unto salvation. Blessed Bible! How I love it. My father was a blacksmith and never refused to work for any man whether he paid him or not, and in this way lost hundreds of dollars, yet he was particular to pay his debts to the last cent. His earthly remains quietly sleep in a rural cemetery at Enfield, New York.

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

There were seven children in my father's family who grew to manhood, four sons and three daughters. Three of the sons early entered the Christian ministry and two of them are in it still. Five of them have taught school, and all of them, early in life, became active members of the Christians. I do not think that one of them ever drank, or swore a profane oath, had a fight, or a law suit, or did a disgraceful thing in life, and I attribute it, in a great measure, to the influence of their parents' religious instruction. Have I not reason for being thankful for such pious parents and good brothers and sisters? It may look vain to some for me to speak so highly of my parents and my brothers and sisters, but I do it for two reasons: First—I think it is honestly their due and are as good, if not better than I have said. Second—I wish to show how much good modest, Christian parents can do in this world if they have strong faith in God, in Christ, in the Bible and Christian effort.

We had neighbors who succeeded in getting this world's goods much better than our family and were able to give their children a better education and start in life than we had, and yet I do not remember one family whose children turned out better than the children of our parents, poor as they were.

THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

About the time I left school my mother was called away from the sorrows of earth, and her four children, to better scenes beyond. This

was a severe trial to us all. It was a cold day in December when we looked upon her face for the last time and laid the body away to rest until called to arise. We returned in sadness to our desolate home, wondering who would care for us now. But as God notices the falling sparrow and feedeth the young ravens when they cry, so His tender care has been over us until the present time. I often visited the grave, and sometimes almost wished I was sleeping beside her. And when about to leave my home and native land and go among strangers in a distant State, I said :

“Sleep, dear mother, peaceful be thy rest,
And while the turfy sod shall flourish on thy breast,
May naught disturb thy peaceful, hallowed sleep
And angels thy sacred ashes keep,
Till time’s last trump shall bid thy ashes rise,
Leap into life and seize the immortal prize.”

In after years I wrote a hymn, a tribute to her memory, that I often sing, and it will be found in its place among my poems in this little volume. The religious influence of my mother had much to do in moulding my early character and winning me to the Savior. In after years we had a stepmother, who filled the place of my mother very well and bore four children to our father; all are living but the youngest, Augustus. But the stepmother sleeps as the mother, in the silence of the tomb, and may we meet both in the land of rest.

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSION AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

About the time I was nineteen years of age I found myself an alien from God by wicked works, and without a hope and a Savior in this world. So partly from the recollections of my mother's teachings and the influence of my Sunday school teacher spoken of in a former chapter, I was induced to seek salvation through Christ's name. I did not wish a spasmodic kind of religion, quite common in that day, but I did wish a pure and undefiled kind, which purified the heart, reformed the life and made good men and women. Somehow I got the impression that our Father above wished us to act just as rational in religious matters as in anything else; so I sought the Lord earnestly in the way He had marked out and found Him to the joy of my poor heart, and have been glad of it ever since. And the greatest evidence I had then, or have ever had since, of my acceptance with Christ, was I loved the Lord and loved His people, and was willing to bear the cross and obey all His commandments to the best of my ability. I immediately took up the cross and began work in my Master's name and have been at it ever since, and expect to be faithful until death, that I may receive a crown of life. Many have doubted their conversion, but I was not troubled much in that way, for I was so intent on serving God and doing my duty that I had not much time for doubt and perplexity in that way.

After my conversion I commenced an active Christian life and improved what little talent I possessed in praying, singing and speaking both in public and private. In the course of a few months I united with the Christians and went forward in the beautiful ordinance of baptism. A lovely stream wound its way through meadow and woodland, forming many little eddies or ponds, as they were called, and in one of these I went down with the man of God, and was buried beneath the yielding wave. It was a beautiful morning and all nature smiling and

flowers were blooming and birds singing, while I almost imagined I could hear a voice saying : “ This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.” I knew but little about baptism, but thought it was a command of Christ and ought to be obeyed, while He had been baptized Himself to set us an example. Some called it a door into the church, others that it was for the remission of sins, designed to change our state, a kind of a finishing up of a Christian ; others thought it was in place of circumcision ; but I did not listen to these conflicting opinions, feeling more interest in the substantial, the real, than in the figurative or shadowy. Isaiah speaks of the new moons and solemn feasts, their sanctimonious rituals, as being an abomination to the Lord, and exhorts them to put away the evils of their doings, relieve the oppressed, plead for the widow and fatherless, and this is the gospel I liked then, and do now. I was brought up under the influence of three denominations—Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterians, and some Quakers also. Total depravity, trinity, election and reprobation, and free salvation were the common topics in preaching in those days. I believed in Jesus, the Messiah, and free salvation, rejecting the other doctrines. How three co-equal and co-eternal persons could be *one* God I could never see, but believed with Paul : “ But to us, there is but *one* God the Father, and one Lord Jesus Christ,” the son of this one God. Paul says again : “ One God and one Mediator between God and man.” This covered all of my theology so far as the Father and Son were concerned and the Holy Spirit which emanated from these two. I never believed that Christ was merely a man, but far above men or angels, the only begotten son of God, the brightness of the Father’s glory and the express image of His person. I confined my language to the Bible expression—Father, Son and Holy Spirit, believing that it was much better than to use the unmeaning words of Ashdod.

As to total depravity, I could not see how a person could come into the world just as bad as he could be (totally depraved) and then grow worse and worse as long as he lived ; so I let that pass. I was often told that we were sinners by nature and much more by practice. I could see the *practice* part without glasses, but how one could be a sinner by nature, as sin is an act of disobedience, I could not see. As sin is doing wrong on our part, it follows as clear as a demonstration in Euclid that we *cannot* be sinners by nature. Also we were told that

Adam's sin was imputed to us. This must be a false charge. To impute is to charge, and to charge me with the sin of some one else is a *false* charge, and hence *imputed* sin is imputed nonsense, and an absolute impossibility.

The same may be said of imputed righteousness. We were told that Christ's righteousness was imputed to His saints, but John says: "He that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as God is righteous." This settles this matter, and teaches that every one must be righteous for himself, and not trust to the righteous doing of somebody else. We were told that children were lost except the *elect*. Just how the merits of Christ could be applied to children, in infancy, nobody knows or ever will know. Christ says: "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into His kingdom." The theology of the Bible is what I like, and wish no other.

So when *this* people came along calling themselves Christians, just simply Christians, it is not wonderful that I united with them. They took the Bible for their guide or creed and told us it was an all-sufficient rule of faith and practice. I said to them as Ruth said to Naomi: "Your people shall be my people, your God shall be my God, where you live I wish to live, and where you die I wish to die, and there be buried," and I have never regretted the choice I then made. They let every one read the Bible for themselves, and Christian character was the test of fellowship—the union of all Christians, for on the Bible all can unite—God is our Father and we are all brethren. I took an active part in social meetings, but never thought of becoming a minister. And yet, in the course of a year, I commenced holding meetings in by-places where the people were destitute of religious privileges. I met with some opposition from those who professed to belong to Christ, but I went right along and the Lord was with me, and I think I did some good.

CHAPTER III.

DEDICATION TO THE MINISTRY.

During the two years of my early life I did not consider myself a minister, but worked at my trade and held meetings as best I could.

A GENERAL MEETING.

In August of that year the Christians, which people I had joined, held what they called a "general meeting," two days before the session of the New York Central Christian Conference, at West Groton, about twenty miles from my home. Feeling very anxious to attend it, I took passage on "walker's line" and reached it about noon. I was delighted with the meeting in the afternoon and felt very much encouraged while listening to the warm testimonies of preacher and people, but I was too bashful to say anything myself. When the meeting closed that day they all flocked together, exchanging warm greetings and shaking hands. Soon all left the church, and also left the bashful boy standing out at the corner of the church, all alone. But I lingered about for some time, reading my Testament, which was my companion in those days. Later, I cast about where I should spend the night, so I espied a barn, near by, and there, among the new hay, I rested sweetly all night. The evening meeting, before I slept, was powerful. A large audience out, and D. Millard preached one of his most interesting sermons. The youthful Seth Marvin then gave a soul stirring exhortation, that I could hardly tell whether I was in the body or out of it. But needing rest, I found I was really in the body. But, the next morning, the story got out that I had slept in a barn, after walking twenty miles to meeting. One of the preachers, the next day, right in his sermon, said the Christians were a zealous people, and to prove it he told them there was a boy present so zealous that he had walked twenty miles to attend that meeting, and then slept in a barn. This gave me some notoriety, and at recess many of them wanted to shake hands with that brave boy, and I got plenty of

invitations to their homes, after that. The next day, Monday, the conference convened, and began its work in good earnest. During its sessions, I was received as a licentiate, and a license given me, to improve my gift, although I was bashful, awkward, and did not make a good impression on many of them, and, yet, they gave me the right hand of fellowship as a worker in the vineyard of the Lord. The story of the long walk and night's rest in a barn may have induced them to be thus kind to me. I suppose they thought such *grit* and *muscle* would help me in my work, and it has, for how very often I have needed both. Those dear brethren who received me so cordially have all passed from labor to reward; and I am still working for the Master, and willing, if need be, to walk twenty miles to meeting, and sleep in a barn.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

In those early days of my ministry, another young man of the Methodist Episcopal Church commenced public speaking. Stephen —— was older than I was, and had much more self-esteem, but he was tricky, yet I thought much of him. Soon he was arrested for passing bad money, and the last I saw of him he was behind prison bars. He tried to appear cheerful and turn it off as a joke, but I could see that it was largely *put on*. He said he might have passed a counterfeit bill, in his ignorance, but felt sure he would get clear when the trial came off. But he did not, but had to spend three years in State's prison for his *tricky* crime. He and all others have to learn that the way of the transgressor is hard—and that, all through life, "Honesty is the best and surest policy."

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVING HOME AND STARTING OUT IN THE FIELD.

The day I united with the conference, mentioned before, was the 26th of August, 1833, the day I was twenty-one years of age. In October, of the same year, I laid my hammer on the anvil, closed up my work in the shop, bade farewell to friends and home, and started for the State of Pennsylvania. I had a horse, saddle and bridle, two changes of linen, a decent suit of clothes, a new overcoat, boots and socks, etc., and three dollars and a half in money. I also had a good constitution, and a heart full of faith and good nature. With this outfit, I started off to spend my whole time and energies in the Master's vineyard, thinking that when my clothes needed repairs that I would stop awhile, get others, and then go on, but I have never stopped yet. The first day I went as far as Blodgets Mills, twelve miles, and preached there the next day. On Monday, I started on my way, and stopped over night with Elder William Cummings, near Binghamton, and spoke in the evening to a few of the people who came in. At the close of my talk his little daughter took a saucer and got a collection for me of one dollar and sixty-two cents.

Tuesday morning I started on my journey and reached what was then called Slocum Hollow, and *now* is the city of Scranton. Staid there over the Lord's day, and heard a man by the name of Phillips preach a *peculiar* sermon on the good Samaritan. I could not see the subject in the light he did; and as I was asked to speak, I told them all of it. The brother did not like it very well, but the congregation seemed inclined to see things more as I did. From there I went to Plymouth, Huntsville, Salem, Berwick, Fishing Creek, Stillwater, Benton, Greenwood, Limestone, Muncie, Loyal Lock, Troy, Williamsport, Level Corners, Canton, East Smithfield, and many other places, having good meetings in every place, organizing churches all through the land. At Stillwater, I found four families by the name of McHenry, who were Scotch Presbyterians, who, on hearing the gospel preached in its purity and untrammelled by

the creeds of men, joined the Christian Church. And, at this writing, over fifty years afterward, they have increased to twenty-seven families, all well off, and nearly all members of the Christian Church. I preached, for awhile, at Greenwood, and had many interesting meetings. While preaching there, the Methodists had a quarterly meeting, three miles away, so I took up my meeting and we all started to the meeting, but when I got there the doors were closed against me, and when urged to be let in, they said they had rules, and they must obey them. Seeing the situation, I went out and sat under a tree, and commenced reading in my Testament. While thus engaged, the birds were singing overhead, and I took out my pencil, and wrote the little poem about being shut out of Love Feast, which will be found among my songs. Am glad to say that the old custom of keeping closed doors for that meeting was done away with. "The world do move"—and I am glad to note the signs of progress in our religious neighbors.

A "FOOL" TEAM.

Shortly after commencing work in that part of the State, two other young speakers joined me in proclaiming the gospel of Christ to a dying world—namely, J. J. Harvey and John Sutton, who aided me much in my work. We enjoyed many meetings together, and saw many turn to Christ, and seek salvation. Sometimes we went each in different ways, and preached in barns, school-houses, orchards and sometimes in the open streets, and sometimes some liberal neighbor would let us into their churches, but in those days there was bitter persecution, for fear something would be preached not strictly "orthodox." We were doing a good work, and why they should call us heretics I could not tell—unless it was because we preached more truth than was found in their *creeds*—and souls were being saved all along. We found hosts of friends among those not *wed* to creeds, who received us into their houses and treated us kindly. The burden of our preaching was Jesus and Him crucified—one God, one Christ, the Son of God, one Holy Spirit, one creed (the Bible), one faith, one hope, one baptism, one body or church, and all should unite and work together, taking the one name *Christian*. We also taught that all had the right of private judgment in matters of faith and conscience—that no one had a right to lord it over God's heritage, for each one was responsible to God for himself and nobody else. This

took with the people, and great numbers flocked to this standard of church liberty. Many churches were organized, and baptizing seasons were frequent. We had notices of our work, and one of these was a little amusing. One good brother said he was pleased with our preaching—that Elder Harvey was an eloquent man, and Sutton a good earnest talker, and my singing could not be beaten—so we *three* made a “fool team,” which he meant for *full team*. I told the boys, Harvey and Sutton, that likely they were the team and I was the “fool” part. Taking the Bible for our *rule* of life, of course we used Bible language in expressing our views, and this took with the common people, for they could understand us.

Notwithstanding so many received us gladly, yet some people were afraid of us. We felt at liberty to worship with all good people, and made ourselves at home wherever they would bid us welcome. I preached much in Lewisburg, and also spent one year or more in East Smithfield, where I gathered about one hundred into the fold of Christ, in the name of the Lord. Time passed on in this field of labor, until about five years had elapsed since I left my home. It is not my intention now to give a connected history of my life-work, from that time until the present, for it would make this little narrative tedious, but simply to give a few sketches of my life as I go along. Sixty years in the ministry have too many incidents to be all written for this work, so I shall leave many unwritten.

THE WHITE PILGRIM.

In the fall of 1838, my sister Lucy, older than myself, and I took a journey into New York State and New Jersey, and at this time I stood at the fresh-made grave of Joseph Thomas (White Pilgrim), who had died of smallpox in Johnsonburg, New Jersey. This is the *truth*, in regard to the only piece of poetry I ever wrote that has been sung around the world. And many have tried to *rob* me of this honor. Many times in my travels I have found people singing this piece, and sometimes they have told me of this one, or that one, who was its author. This has often been the real cause of explaining *who* the real author was. Once while coming down the lakes, on a steamer with my wife and children, and an old lady was in our party, who knew that I was the author, we met a gentleman, who was singing this song, and he told my wife that

it was an Indian missionary who wrote it. My wife told him that she had seen the man who wrote it, but he was not an Indian, but looked some like one. The man was delighted to see a person who had seen the man who wrote it. This was more that mother Tidd (the old lady spoken of before) could stand, so she, pointing to me, said, "There sits the man who wrote it." This created more and more of a surprise, for sitting on the other side of the cabin was a fine appearing lady, who spoke up with much assurance that she could not be correct, for her father had told her that it was a young man of the Christians who wrote it. Then it was time for me to say something, so I asked her what her father's name was, and she said "Elder John Case." Well, I said, "You are correct, for your father gave me the right hand of fellowship when I was admitted into my first conference." This made us feel at home with this daughter of Elder Case. So I could mention many more cases, some where it has been published and a name attached as its author. But enough of this. The poem will be found in this little book among other songs. In this journey, when I wrote the White Pilgrim, I attended a general meeting in Laurens, New York, where I first met Miss Caroline Downing, who two years afterwards became my wife. On leaving this meeting, I left an appointment to come back and hold a New Year's meeting with them. After holding meetings in several places, I went back to finish up my work in Pennsylvania, my first field of labor.

CHAPTER V.

Having closed up my labors in Pennsylvania, when the new year of 1839 came round it found me at Laurens ready for the meeting I had promised to give them. After this meeting, I was engaged to preach for them that year, and so continued from year to year, until I had been there four years. The third year I was married to Caroline Downing, of Columbus, Chenango county, New York, who was teaching school at the time, but in the spring, after school was out, we commenced our home-life, which has continued (with many interruptions by my absence from home, and the death angel has visited us four times) until we have celebrated our golden wedding. During my stay in Laurens, in the late autumn of '41, Elder Teal, who had been out on a missionary tour, without much success, was on his way home in the east, but felt that he could not bear to go on home without seeing sinners flocking to Christ, came here and wished to hold a meeting. It was very muddy, and roads in a terrible condition, and the church did not want the meeting, neither did I. All of us together had not as much faith as *one* Christian ought to have. But his great desire and perseverance won the day, and he commenced the meeting, and the Lord blessed his labors in a wonderful manner. Seventy souls started in a new life, and I had the joy of leading many of them into the water, and burying them, in likeness of our Master as He lay in His grave. This circumstance proves that Christians should be guided measurably by the Spirit of God in their work.

MY OWN FAMILY.

Mrs. C. D. Ellis, the companion of my life, is a woman of superior abilities, naturally and peculiarly qualified in many respects to be the wife of a minister—tall and graceful in form, benevolent in disposition, pleasant in manner, deeply pious and very conscientious. Is ardent in her temperament, possessing so much enterprise and activity that she is often found among radicals. Her education is better than mine, so she has been of great service to me through life. She possesses rare talent for public speaking, and would have made a first class lecturer or preacher had she applied herself to it when young; as it is, she gives a

good lecture on temperance, and the science of health—having a good, legally signed diploma from the Medical College at Florence, New Jersey. Since her graduation, she has *practiced* in Mattoon, Illinois; Towanda and Topeka, Kansas, also Shelbyville, Illinois, and lastly in Yellow Springs, Ohio, where she lived when she received an injury to her spine, and later still, another injury on the cars, which have crippled her for life and changed her *form* and *appearance* very much, thus making it necessary for her to give up her practice: since which time she has been much in the lecture field. She has traveled and lectured with Dr. Kellogg's charts from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast twice, and exhibited them to many thousand children besides adults.

OUR CHILDREN.

Of the six children given us, three of them we laid away in the dreamless sleep of the grave, in babyhood, and returned to our home in sadness. Our two oldest children were boys—Charles R. and Marshall D. Ellis - and just two years and one month between their births. They were as unlike as two brothers ever need be, and yet both of them possessed real good qualities of heart and life. Charles was of a lymphatic temperament, while Marshall was of a very nervous temperament, owing in some measure to having been sick through most of his childhood, which made a great difference in what they said and did in life. Charles went into the army at eighteen, and Marshall at sixteen, when they both ought to have been in school; so, really, they did not have a fair start in life. Charles was very serious in early life, and had we encouraged him as we ought to have done, would have then given himself to Christ. While in the army he professed Christ, and was baptized and joined the *Union* Church they had in the army—then sent his card of membership to his mother at Yellow Springs, to have it put into the church there, with his mother and sister. Marshall passed on with many serious feelings, until two years after the war was over, and while I was preaching at Winterset, Iowa, came there to visit me, and while there professed faith in Christ and was baptized. While Charles was living with his family near Enon, and going there to church, he was elected deacon of that church, but on removing to Yellow Springs, he again united with this church and was a member in good standing, when he was *suddenly* called to join the church triumphant, April 29, 1880. Our last child, Mary, was different from both her brothers, yet possessing some traits of them *both* as

well as of both her parents. Her three sisters having died, and her brothers being older, this made her a great *pet* with us. She was thoughtful and quite religious early in life; and when nine years of age was baptised by Elder N. Summerbell, in the Wabash river, at Merom, Indiana, at her own request. She and her mother were attending the dedication of Union Christian College—and, before going, she had asked my consent to have “Uncle Summerbell,” as she called him, baptize her—and of course I gave my consent for her to do so.

After leaving Laurens we spent two years in Plainfield, in the northern part of Otsego county, during which time our first child came to us—our dear Charley, who passed away from us, and his own family, several years ago. We spent two years with this people, having meeting Saturday and Sunday alike. About half of this church kept Saturday as Sabbath and the other half kept Sunday, therefore we had meetings both days. In the spring of 1845 I moved my family to western New York, and settled with the old Barre church. Here our second child was born, a son, M. D. Ellis, who is still living. After spending two years and a half with this people, I moved to Illinois, and from there to Port Washington, Wisconsin, and while here our first daughter was born, and about this time the Barre church sent me money to come back and take charge of their church again, so when this little babe was four weeks old we retraced our steps over the same lakes that we had passed over the fall before, from Buffalo to Chicago, and moved into the same parsonage we had left. Here death came to our household for the first time, and our little Harriet Amelia left us in sorrow. In the spring of 1849 we moved to Castile, Wyoming county, and left that little grave alone. Here the Lord blessed my labors and I baptized forty or fifty converts. Here our home was cheered by having twin daughters to take the place of our lost one, but they both soon left us, and we laid their bodies by the side of our Harriet Amelia, although fifty miles away, so Adelaide and Adeline sleep near their sister, side by side.

ANOTHER MOVE.

While living in Castile I visited Ohio and held some meetings, and finally I returned home and decided to move. So in the spring of 1852 we moved to Enon, Clark county, Ohio. The first two years we lived here we saw scores start in a religious life, and I baptized many in Mad River near by. Here, also, our last child was born, “Little Mary,” as

she was called by many. We moved from there to Concord, Preble county, Ohio, and from there to Dayton, Ohio, where we edited and published the *Gospel Herald*, which for years has been combined with the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, the oldest religious paper in the world. After four years' labor in this office, with the best work of my life and my wife, too, we moved back to Preble county, only for a year or two, for our boys were both in the army, and Mary needed an education, and, as I was traveling much of my time, holding meetings here and there, my wife thought best to move to Yellow Springs and put Mary into the primary class of Antioch College. Although I have labored in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Texas, Indian Territory, Colorado and California, I have always felt that Ohio was my home, and where we live at this writing, Yellow Springs, is where we celebrated our golden wedding in 1891.

About thirty-five years I labored faithfully with the Christians—the people of my early choice. About the last years of the sixties I went to Kansas, and finding more Disciple churches than I did of the Christians, I thought I could do more good with them, and James F. Sloan took me into that body at Leavenworth. Although changing my church relations I have not changed my views, for these two denominations are so near alike that I did not need to. I have thought for years they ought to be one people. They both take the Bible for their only creed and both preach up Christian union, so I naturally thought then, and do now, that they ought to be *one people*. They both baptize by immersion, but the Disciples do not admit of members into their church without it, while the Christians take them in on their Christian character, if they do not believe in the ordinance at all. Or if they have been sprinkled and it satisfies their conscience, they take such into their full fellowship, but the Disciples do not, this being the only difference between the two denominations.

While in Kansas I preached in Towanda, Eldorado, Eureka, Wichita, Emporia, Topeka, Parsons, Fort Scott, and many other places. From Kansas I took a trip down into Texas and the Indian Territory and commenced preaching in Sherman, and saw the church built up and many souls brought into the church in many towns in Texas. This seemed rather remarkable, for it was soon after the close of the war, and I, from the North, of course was a Union man. They would sometimes say to

me : " We are all Rebs. down here, but we are glad to see you ; go ahead, and we will help you all we can." I liked the Lone Star State very much, its climate, springs of water and its kind-hearted people.

MY MISSION AMONG THE INDIANS.

While preaching in Texas, I felt a desire to go over among the red men of the forest, and I went, thus being led by the spirit. I went directly to the home of the chief, and told him what I had come for. He seemed glad to see me, and set me to work immediately. What I had to say to them was for their good, and they took it at once as reasonable. We met in a grove, where there was nice grass, and some logs were drawn up for seats ; and on Sunday morning a large crowd of all sizes and ages came out early. Some were seated on the logs, some on the grass, others on their ponies and some lying flat on the ground, but all listening quite attentively to my preaching. They would watch my looks and gestures, and seemed to comprehend what I was saying. They seemed, at once, to understand baptism, and the chief told me *why* they seemed so elated with that subject. He told me they had an old "rite" among themselves, that when a man comes in from another tribe they took him into the water and wash him clean, and they called that being born into the tribe. So when I spoke of being born of water and of the Spirit, they seemed to understand it at once, and sixteen of them were baptized the next Lord's day, and they seemed very much in earnest.

" OKA-CHUKA-MA-NOR-HO-LA. "

In just two weeks from the time I baptized these sixteen in Red river, I had twelve more to go forward, and there had been a rise in the river, and it was muddy, so I went out four or five miles where there was a clear stream, and there I immersed them. A full blooded Indian came along and wanted to know *why* I did not use Red river. When I told him of the reason, he came and offered me his hand, saying, "*Oka-chuka-ma-nor-ho-la*," This means a pure water lover. He also said, "You are a good white man, because you love pure water." So this is my *Indian name*. This I liked much, for I never do like to baptize in muddy water. Paul says, "The heart sprinkled from an evil conscience, and the body washed in pure water." I continued my work among them, until I had gathered sixty into the church, including the chief, his wife and the "medicine man." They held out inducements of land

and cows, etc., if I would settle with them, and possibly I might, if my family had been with me. I look upon my stay with them, all and in all, with pleasure, and hope I shall meet some of them as "stars in the crown of my rejoicing," when life is over, in the beautiful land beyond the river.

"WE CAN GET DRUNK AS QUICK AS WHITE FOLKS."

I asked the chief— Brother Overton—one day how they got along, being civilized, and he answered: "O, first rate, for we can get drunk as quick as white folks." He is sharp, and meant it for a *hard hit* against white men who claim to be so highly civilized—and yet make and sell and license and drink these intoxicants—then curse the Indian with it, and send it in great quantities to curse the negroes in the dark continent. Their chief is one of the strongest Prohibitionists I ever saw, and will not allow the *curse* in the nation. And yet we have *never* had a chief (president) in our highly civilized nation—Christian though it professes to be—that would prohibit it, or object to having a saloon in the capital of our nation—and even now while I write, in 1892, our vice-president owns a drinking saloon that is in full blast. This will not always be thus, for God lives, and the whisky and beer curse *must* and *shall* die.

And when I left them, the chief, who is the main elder, gave me a letter of commendation:

"Know all men by these presents, that whereas Elder John Ellis, of the church of Christ, known as Disciples, has been preaching for us for some months, and is about to leave us for other fields of labor, therefore we cordially commend him to the fellowship of saints, scattered abroad, both Indian and white men, and do hereby express a strong desire for him to return and preach for us again.

"Done by order of the Chickasaw Christian Church,

"GOV. FRANK OVERTON, Elder."

I think more of this recommendation than any I have ever received, although I have many laid by, and I think much of them. I left the church in a prosperous condition, and I heard from them quite recently and they were going on finely, have a prosperous church and a good house of worship. May they continue to go on till all in that nation, from the least to the greatest, shall know the Lord.

CHAPTER VI.

After returning from my work among the Chickasaw Indians I went to Shelbyville, Illinois, and worked with brother Jasper L. Douthitt, in his labors of love among those with whom he had been raised. He was a young man of considerable talent and possessing a warm heart and liberal views to all, even those who might not agree with him in their religious views. He had come out from under the influence of the "hard shell" Baptists, so one of his first works for the Master was to gather his brothers, sisters, cousins and associates from under this influence into a temperance society, and after commencing his work as a preacher of righteousness he formed them into a society called the Oak Grove Christian church. So when I found him with so large a field of labor and needing help, I took right hold to help him, for my views were liberal, and energy in abundance, so I could walk and work as he could not, for he had poor health. We got along finely together, and did a good work in the name of the Lord. He was identified with the Unitarians and I with the Disciples, but we had no difficulty and worked harmoniously together. I could not agree with the radical wing of the Unitarians and he could not agree with the radicals among the Disciples, and yet we got along well together. During the time I was with Bro. Douthitt I attended a number of Unitarian conferences and was sorry to see the young men among them drifting into skepticism, or semi-infidelity and doubt. They seemed to think "Christ a very good man;" so was Parker and Channing.

So much of the New Testament was good, especially the *golden rule* and the sermon on the mount—but that there were many crude notions in it that men of culture could not receive. They considered Christ's death and resurrection only as a *fable*, and the punishment of the future a superstition. If we deny the resurrection of Christ our faith is vain, and Christ and the apostles were false witnesses. Paul said, "If Christ be not raised, then is our preaching vain, and ye are yet in your sins."

I had rather take the testimony of Paul, Peter, John or any of the inspired witnesses, than a ten acre field full of skeptical teachers. While they had beheld the superstitious "whims" of old Rome, they had strayed off on the opposite extreme towards the gulf of eternal nothingness. They were good social fellows, but as being teachers of Christianity, to lead poor, lost souls from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, they were not worth more than a common lightning bug or firefly. Bro. Douthitt, however, was not that kind or school of Unitarians, and he and I got along pleasantly together, like Johnathan and David, were fast friends and are to this day. He is a most uncompromising Prohibitionist, and has been the means of saving that county from the awful curse of rum; so in this work, for the overthrow of that evil, we were *one*.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

I have no sympathy with infidelity, which robs Christ of His glory and Christianity of its power, but still I am a believer in liberal *Christianity*, which means the opposite of narrow sectarianism. It means the kind taught by Christ and the Apostles in the New Testament. It teaches that reason and revelation harmonize, and that the doctrine and practice of this religion is in accord with the dictates of common sense. It will be seen that by the above there can be no valid objection to progressive, liberal Christianity. While preaching in the Disciple church one morning, I saw a young minister come into the audience and I invited him into the pulpit, and he accepted the invitation and spoke at the close of my sermon. After meeting, one of the elders took me to task for inviting him forward, for he said he had not been baptized, only sprinkled. I told him I did not know how that was, but I did know the young man was a good, earnest worker. "Well," said the elder, "I cannot, nor will I, fellowship a man who has not been baptized." After pausing a moment I said that it was possible that I was closer in my fellowship than he was, for I did not fellowship *all* who had been baptized. I told him I saw one of our elders coming out of a saloon the other day, wiping his lips, and I can assure you I had not much fellowship for him. He colored some, but said no more, for *he* was that man. I never saw him enter a saloon again, so hope my talk did him some good. I can say as the Irishman did after hitting a man on the head with a club, "And, faith,

I would not have hit him at all if it had not been so 'convanyant.' " So with me at that time, it was indeed very convenient, and at another time, while preaching at Cochran's Grove, there were two young men who came into the meeting intoxicated and one was a member of the church. After meeting I went home with one of the elders, by the name of Storms, and who felt very indignant at the conduct of these young men, especially the one who belonged to the church. "I'll teach him better," said the elder, "than to come to church in such a condition." So, after listening awhile to his bitter words, I said, "Brother Storms, what charges will you bring against him? If you charge him with going into the saloon and drinking whisky, both of these will stand good against yourself, for I have seen you go in these saloons." At these remarks he looked about half mad, and half mortified and perplexed, not knowing what to do in this case. He was a good man and meant to be a Christian, but had been under the liquor influence so long, and was opposed to "sumptuary laws." But finally I said to him that he had better turn over the young man to me, and I would straighten him up if I could, and he did so. The next morning I called on the young man, and found him all broke down, mortified and very penitent—willing to do anything in reason to right this wrong. "Now," he said, "Brother Ellis, draw up a *pledge* of total abstinence, making it just as strong as you possibly can, and I will sign it, and I will stick to it too; for I am determined that I will never touch another drop of the accursed stuff as long as I live." So I drew up a pledge in the usual form, and he signed it with great earnestness. And during my knowledge of him he remained true to his pledge. In that place I have seen ministers sitting in the saloons laughing and talking if not drinking, so what could we expect of young men who are not pledged against this curse. We should come out and be separate as the Lord has told us, and shun the very appearance of evil, for it looks suspicious to see men even sitting in these places.

During my labors with Brother Douthitt, and in that part of Illinois, over one hundred and fifty, mostly young persons, were brought into the fold of Christ. We let our theology take care of itself. If I had stronger faith in the miracles, he had full as strong or stronger confidence in the power of the gospel. Neither of us could fellowship the ungodly, so both of us labored to promote genuine revivals, saying to all, "Repent and be converted that your sins may be blotted out." After leaving

Illinois, I have spent several months at different times in Pennsylvania, in and around where my *first* field of labor was as a minister. I also have preached in twenty-four states of the Union more or less, besides the Indian Territory and Canada. I feel thankful to Almighty God that in looking it all over at the age of eighty years I can truly say the Lord has been with me, and I feel that my labors have not been in vain, in the Lord. And I hope to have the unspeakable pleasure, to say with Paul, when my days are about to end on earth, "I am ready to be offered—the time of my departure is at hand." I have fought the good fight, have finished my course and kept the faith, henceforth, there is a crown of righteousness laid up for me in heaven. I will now, for the present, stop my chain of history and present to the reader what was published a few years ago in the *Christian Standard*, written by Elder J. R. Hoag, of Nebraska, a friend of ours.

LIVING MINISTERS—ELDER JOHN ELLIS.

BY ELDER J. R. HOAG.

I wrote Carpenter's biography upon a limited acquaintance and an imperfect knowledge of his public life. I have been acquainted with the present subject for thirty-five years, with the advantage of having enjoyed his friendship and esteem.

Elder John Ellis, of Logansport, Indiana, is now at the ripe age of sixty-four and a native of New York state. He is tall in stature, standing five feet eleven inches; is substantially built, and for twenty years has had an average weight of one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He is well set up, presenting the type of certain English gentlemen; but he is entitled to the comparison, since his father was English. His face is square set, with a prominent arching forehead and a projecting chin. He has a medium complexion and his face is rather fair, chin and side whiskers of a sandy tinge. His hair is of fine texture, light brown, but sparse.

The general appearance of the brother is that of a well-meaning, thoughtful and practical man. As he begins to talk or act, one begins to see the mental and moral qualities which have characterized his life—spirituality, kindness, humanity, charity. His early Quaker education doubtless did much to develop these qualities.

In a phrenological way the "gentle John," as we heard him called many years ago, exhibits fair moral qualities, with large veneration and benevolence, which pervade his whole public and private life, as well as his writings, especially his poetry. Form, comparison, spirituality and language being good helps to make him the Christian poet; especially with the possession of a fine ideality, which wields the scepter in the province of imagination. Self-esteem being small, he has always under-estimated his abilities and productions. Destructiveness being

small, has always made him averse to killing anything, and the dog that he did kill was from a benevolent motive—to save the boy the dog was mangling. His reasoning powers are well balanced.

Both his domestic and religious feelings are strong; and his prominent individuality and observing powers have necessarily made him a learner while roaming through the ample fields of nature and life. And his love of locality being weak, and benevolence strong, he has from the force of nature, as well as of circumstances, been a traveling missionary most of his public life—at home in any of the nine states where he has been and labored, or among the Chickasaws in the Indian Territory, wherever the duty of publishing good tidings led him. Indeed, his general make-up is favorable to the mission of a Christian evangelist—his life-work—and to this his love of nature and music has contributed not a little. The cognomen of the “Poet John,” and the “Singing John,” as well as the sweet melody of his voice and spirit, are everywhere associated with his earlier missionary work. His voice still retains the flexible sweetness of former years, and his heart is still aglow with the missionary fire, as even strangers must see in his almost weekly additions of members as reported in the *Standard*; and the beauty of his zeal is, he labors out of protracted meetings as though he were in them, and hence the constant success for weeks and months continuously. His labors began in New York, and have freely been extended in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Texas, Indian Territory, and now in Indiana.

There can be little known of the results of a ministry extending over such vast territory and through so many years of faithful working. It is a satisfaction, however, to know that his labor has not been in vain in the Lord. Among the spiritual children in the ministry who live to bless the memory of our brother are Peter Castnor, John Reed, John Sutton, Eli Fay, Samuel Winchet, Milton Miller, etc. The little boy whom the elder one day took into his carriage, and talked kindly to about Jesus, is in the midst of a useful ministry.

But thousands beside are feeling the silent influences of his devoted life, or his affectionate exhortations, or sweet singing, especially of his own hymns, which he was in the habit of singing for years before they found their way to the press. His immortal poem, the “White Pilgrim’s Grave,” has made his name a household word in the Christian Church

and has also endeared him to thousands of Christians among other denominations.

It is said that all men who have made their mark in the world have had something to do with the press, that mighty lever which moves this age. Our brother is not an exception, although his editorial career was not long. Being a ready writer for religious journals, he was invited to assume the editorial control of the *Gospel Herald*, which was published in Ohio as the western organ of the Christians. He had charge of it four years, and was glad to surrender to others a work which interfered with his missionary habits; and then the financial affairs was an elephant as hard to manage then as now in western journals.

It was during these years of publication that the literary and business qualities of his good wife, Caroline D., were developed. The elder being absent for weeks together to procure subscribers, and withal to raise the wind, she stepped in and helped to manage and keep up the concern, and it is said she did the onerous task nobly.

And since the wife of the minister has been mentioned, it may be well to say that Caroline has been one of the faithful ones in the church and a help in the ministry. She is an original thinker and an indomitable worker in religious, humane and charitable circles.

Her poetry and other literary works are creditable. In order to become more useful to humanity she conceived it to be her duty to enter the profession of medicine. It required an indomitable will to raise the means and prepare herself. But she persevered, and pursued the required course of study and graduated from Dr. Trall's Medical College at Philadelphia. She then commenced her practice at Yellow Springs, Ohio, where she was well known, and stills follows the profession, and has become an acceptable practitioner and a fair lecturer on the laws of health, temperance and other reformatory subjects. Her husband is many miles off preaching, but it is due to say of the twain that they hope to be in their respective fields nearer together in some happy day in the future.

Elder Ellis' religious conversion dates from 1831, in Courtland county, New York, in a prayer-meeting which was the beginning of a general reformation in that section. Elder Dwight Dodge immersed him. His early education was meager. No academic advantages; no college course; and his only theological training was under Prof. Seaver, of

Pennsylvania. And yet he has been gathering in stores of knowledge all his life. He has gone through life with his eyes open, and gleaned from prairie and woodland, from hill and glen, from flower and fern, from mountain stream and ocean, from the heights of heaven and depths of earth, and from that original source, the Living Oracles.

He is a student of nature more than of books; indeed, I fear he has quite too much neglected that five hundred volume library. He loves society and life, and hence has a large stock of knowledge of human nature. He loves manhood more than the mountain cedar, and childhood more than the rill or the rose; and the holy Scriptures as the choicest mine of knowledge, and as furnishing the best means and motives of life. And his knowledge and modes are practical.

In all his getting, the poetical taste has influenced his imagination and perhaps guided his selections and hallowed his productions.

As a minister, he began talking in 1834, and has been talking ever since. His first appointment drew a crowd, and he was terribly embarrassed, talking and shaking; but thanks to fortune it was not an Indiana chill, for it passed away with his first effort. "Come, for all things are now ready." Such was his theme then, and of this same John now, after forty-five years. He began talking for the Master, and talking is still the highest style of his preaching, and he talks so freely and withal so affectionately, and perseveringly that one gets to think of him as a kind of gospel fountain.

He was ordained at Plymouth, Pennsylvania, the sermon by the great evangelist, David Millard; his text, "Preach the Word." The charge by Daniel Rote, the prayer by Seth Marvin. Thus well inducted into the office, his whole life-work has been to preach the gospel, his time being about equally divided between pastoral and missionary work. The two kinds of labor were intermingled, pastorates being generally short. He has performed a great amount of missionary labor in travels, preaching, praying and singing.

In 1866, Brother John Ellis joined the Disciples. For many years he thought he might be more useful among the Disciples and so acted conscientiously in transferring his standing. He took a letter of dismission from the Miami Christian Conference, Ohio, and united with the Disciples at Leavenworth, Kansas. His first regular work among the Disciples was at Omaha, since which time he has found ample employ-

ment. He had many years before this change been a hard worker in Ohio. Besides the publishing interests, he had to do with the building, and as a trustee, with the management, of Antioch College. And now in his declining years he is full of enthusiasm for the work of education, publications, Sunday schools and church missions. Years of trial and toil have thinned his locks, but have not whitened them.

His baldness gives him the venerable look of a Christian father of the second century; but he is still the useful *terebinth*, his life is green with devotion. The tender and affectionate spirit of the Master are felt in his addresses, and the singularly musical voice of former days has lost none of its power with age. Success attended the early ministry of our brother, and now in his manhood and age God is giving him the crowning victories of a useful life.

Such is a brief sketch of a man who has been a Christian forty-seven years and minister. He has written many poems during life, which will doubtless be published sometime.

The popular poem, the White Pilgrim, was written while the author was visiting the grave of Joseph Thomas, who was a plain but talented minister of the Christians from Ohio, and had been on a successful preaching tour to the North, but took the small-pox in New York City and died, a stranger, at the Johnsonburg church, in New Jersey. Elder Thomas was in the habit of dressing in white goods, summer and winter, which gave him the name of "White Pilgrim." The young preacher, Ellis, visited Johnsonburg on a preaching journey, and was deeply affected by the sad fate of a beloved minister's dying away from his family, by such a terrible disease and attended in his dying hours by only a Negro nurse. He sat upon a rock overlooking the beautiful cemetery and the newly made grave, and amid gushing tears and solemn reflections, the following words began to flow:

I came to the spot where the White Pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb.

The original copy of this touching poem is now before me, the authorship of which has been claimed by various writers in as many different denominations. It is therefore but a matter of justice to Elder John Ellis that the real author should be made known and in connection the circumstances of its composition.

SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS OF LIFE.

I will now leave the history or autobiography of my life and present such incidents of my travels as I think will be interesting to the general reader. It was not my intention, in offering a brief outline of my life and travels in the ministry, to enter into a tedious detail, but simply to present a few of the more interesting items of my work. Many prayers and exhortations become wearisome because of their length. It will be remembered that Christ condemned the Scribes and Pharisees for using vain repetitions in their devotions and told them that it was a heathenish practice.

STICK TO YOUR PATCH.

About three miles from the home of my boyhood there was a large tract of wild land called "The Windfall," which had grown up in briars, and especially blackberry bushes. In the season of the year when that fruit was ripe we had fine times picking the berries. I generally started out early in the morning, carrying a tin pail holding twelve quarts or more and a tin cup to pick in. Several of our neighbors' children would go along, all eager for the sport and the berries. I was rather still and said but little, but was fully as determined to fill my pail as any of them. The rest of the company were generally as merry as blackbirds, chatting away in great earnestness, all telling where the best patch was to be found, and all boasting that they would fill their pails "in less than no time." As soon as we reached the field, the party scattered in different directions to find the best picking, and so would wander for some time before entering upon the work. I never had much difficulty in finding a good place and went immediately to work in good earnest. Presently I would hear some one cry out, "Come this way, all of you, for here are lots of them, I tell you." Then away some of them would scamper, over fallen trees and the thick brush, and perhaps spill half they had gathered in the endeavor to find better picking, but I generally stuck to my patch and picked away. It would not be long before I would hear

another one calling out, "O, here is the bestest picking; just come this way and ye can fairly scrape 'em in." Many of them would run at this call, only to find themselves disappointed again and beginning to feel quite discouraged, while I thought it unwise to leave a *certainly* for an uncertainty, and so kept my fingers busy and *stuck to my patch*. The result was that I generally filled my dish by the time they got theirs half full, because they did *not* stick to their patch. I was no faster picker than the rest of them—perhaps not so nimble with my fingers as some of them—but succeeded because I did not spend my time in running about, but stuck to my work.

The recollection of those days and scenes has taught me many a good lesson during my earthly pilgrimage. I have witnessed the failure of many of my fellow men simply because they did not "stick to their patch." I have seen a farmer, nicely situated upon a fertile piece of land, well stocked. He had a nice dwelling, well furnished with all the comforts of life. His yard was filled with shrubbery and beautiful flowers, and he was out of debt and money in the bank. But he exchanged his lovely home in the country for a city residence, and went into the mercantile business and failed, just because he did not "stick to his patch." I knew a good mechanic who was doing well at his trade and getting along finely in the world, but his wife was rather high-minded and said so much against "greasy mechanics" that he changed his occupation for a business he knew little or nothing about, and staggered along for a number of years, with a burden of debt on his hands, and finally failed, because he did not "stick to his patch."

A young man came out of college with graduating honors and entered with zeal upon his chosen profession, and was succeeding well and gaining the confidence of the people, but he left it, and went into speculation and failed. He did not "stick to his patch."

A beautiful young lady was engaged to an industrious farmer, but forsook him and flirted with an unprincipled city fop, whose only stock in trade was a flattering tongue and a French mustache. Long years of repentance, misery and shame were the result of her not "sticking to her patch" (first love).

A young associate of my youthful days, with education and bright prospects, entered the ministry and bade fair to become a successful worker in the vineyard of the Lord, but becoming somewhat discouraged on

account of remuneration turned his attention to different secular occupations, but succeeded poorly in *all*. His life was nearly a failure because he did not "stick to his patch"—the ministry. So, dear young friends, make a judicious selection of your life-work, and then enter upon it with zeal and energy, and "stick to your patch."

STEP-MOTHERS.

Step-mothers and mothers-in-law are the most bitterly persecuted people I know of. No doubt some of them are scheming and one-sided, but why condemn them as a whole for what a few may do? And is it not often the case that children, sons-in-law, and even our own mothers are equally as partial as those they condemn? It is one of the most natural things in the world for a mother to feel a deep interest in the welfare of her own children, and it is not to be supposed that she will lose all interest in her as soon as she becomes Mrs. John Smith, and she ought to have a perfect right to advise her in the responsible duties of human life, and if her husband is what he ought to be, he will rejoice in this advice instead of grumbling at his wife's mother. But a step-mother has a thankless place to fill in life, and is often faulted for the very best acts of her life. If she takes great pains to keep the children clean and neat, some one will say she is too strict and severe on the motherless children. Again, if she lets them run and have their own way, then of course she is neglectful and subject to severe criticism. So let her do what she may—be strict and careful to supply all their needs, or be a little easy in her discipline—it is all the same, for faulted she will be, by friends and neighbors who do not take half as good care of their own children. I had a step-mother, and a good one she was to us lonely children, and, although she did not seem to us like our own mother, yet she did the best for us she could, and we loved her. She was industrious and frugal, kind and obliging, and seemed to be devoted as much to our welfare as though we had been her own children. Perhaps we did not appreciate her worth at the time—probably did not, for children will be children, the world over—yet we respected her, and our lives passed as pleasantly under the paternal roof as though our own mother was there. And now, at this distance of long years since I left the home roof, and also many years since she was called from

the toils of earth to her rest in heaven, it does me good to bear testimony to the *worth* of that much loved step-mother.

THE WHITE ROSE BUSH.

I stood beside the couch of a dying girl, and wept as I received her parting blessing. Her fair form, wasted by disease, was yielding to death, and the rose had left her cheek, but a heavenly smile played upon her countenance and the fires of immortality were already kindled in her eye. Ellen Miller was nearing the end of life, and we all felt sad at our fast approaching loss, and yet tried to be reconciled and say, "Thy will be done." In early life she united with the Christian Church, at Enon, Clark county, Ohio. She was one of the quiet kind of Christians whose Christianity consisted in deeds more than words; yet she was so pure, kind and earnest in her life, that all loved her. Her life had been like an even spun thread, and she had walked through it with feelings calm and even. Spring was opening in loveliness, and the early flowers were in bloom; but dear Ellen, like a faded rose, was passing away. Sweet birds were filling the air with their songs, but our youthful sister was summoned to leave for another clime. As I stood by her bed, and wept that she was so soon to leave us, she looked up with a sweet smile and requested me to accept as a memento of Christian regard a white rose bush. She said, "Take this and set it out by your window, and as you see its white blossoms they will remind you of me, walking with angels in white, amid the bowers of Paradise." The fair-donor died, and we laid her form to rest in the dreamless sleep of the grave, but the *rose bush* grew and blossomed as sweetly as though the hand that gave it was not palsied in death, and while beholding its snow white leaves they reminded us of the crown and white robe which our sainted sister was wearing.

A QUAKER MEETING.

One lovely morning in September, while walking to my appointment in central Indiana, I espied by the wayside in a beautiful shady bower a nice brick meeting house, belonging to that quiet people known as Quakers or Friends. Being wearied with my walk, I turned aside with the double purpose of resting and at the same time enjoying the meeting, for it was the hour of prayer. Nature seemed in her loveliest

and gayest attire, a green tinge here and there with the sere leaf of autumn covering the trees of the forest, while the orchards, pastures and heavily laden corn fields presented a most picturesque scenery to my view; making it, truly, a fit time for rest, meditation and prayer. I sat down my satchel under one of these fine maple trees and stood waiting before entering the sanctuary, but I had not waited long before an aged *friend* in a quiet manner approached me, saying, "Thee is a stranger here, is thee?" I answered that I was. "Thee is a preacher, is thee, and where is thee going?" I told him that I was a preacher of the Christians, and had an appointment at Marion, Grant county, Indiana, the Sabbath following, but being tired with my morning walk thought I would rest and enjoy their meeting if it would not be an intrusion. "Thee is perfectly welcome to attend our meeting, and if thee has any communications to make, thee must make them."

That "Bethel of the Bower," as I might call it, was soon filled with broad brims and neat looking quaker bonnets, and with equally as neat looking faces beneath them, and I found myself seated among the elders on the highest seat of the synagogue. In Revelations we are told that there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour; so I found that silence reigned among these ancient worshipers for nearly that length of time, but was finally broken by an aged minister, who arose and preached a short sermon from this text, "Great is the mystery of godliness, God was manifest in the flesh." Then after a short and not very doctrinal sermon the speaker sat down and all was silent again. But the mantle of Elijah seemed to fall upon me instead of Elisha at this time, and I was numbered among the prophets. After permission had been given me, I spoke from these words, "We are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens of the household of faith." My testimony was well received I think, making good impression upon all present, especially upon the younger people, while many, both male and female, *sanctioned* what the stranger friend had said. After this, one of the rulers of the meeting arose and said the hour for business had arrived. Knowing that the uncircumcised Gentiles were not permitted to remain in their business meeting, I took my hat with a view of leaving, but a venerable *friend* arose and said "that he had been refreshed in the spiritual man by the testimony of the stranger within their gates, and that his spirit was in unison with *him* and if the meeting was in unison

with his spirit he would invite the stranger to remain. Upon this remark, some fifteen or twenty arose and said, one after another, that their spirit was in unison with his spirit, so I was duly notified that I was free to remain. I accepted the invitation and remained. This was their monthly meeting, before the last quarterly meeting of the year, and hence the business was a kind of retrospect and summing up of the year. Two clerks officiated, one asking the printed questions of the *discipline* in relation to the moral, religious and financial condition of the four societies belonging to this quarterly meeting, and the other reading the answers which had been already made out and written for the occasion. The questions and answers were, as near as I can remember, as follows :

First. Do all the friends belonging to this meeting pay their debts punctually? It was answered that they did.

Second. Are any or the members, young or old, needing aid? It was answered that there was not one so poor as to need aid. Here some pertinent remarks were made, showing what reasons for thankfulness to the giver of all good for his goodness, which endureth forever.

Third. Have any over-reached in business and become so embarrassed that they cannot pay their debts? It was answered, No. Here a warm exhortation in urging all to be careful on this point and not to get too worldly-minded, lest they should be overwhelmed by the cares of this life and finally be lost.

Fourth. Have any used or sold intoxicating drinks during the year? Two members had. A committee was then appointed to visit the offenders and win them back to virtue and goodness, if they could.

Fifth. Has each family been supplied with a copy of the Bible, and is it read in connection with family worship? All had been supplied and nearly all read it.

Sixth. Is tobacco used by the members of these societies? About half of them, it was found, used the filthy weed. Here a plain, kind speech came in, showing the *filthiness* and needless expensiveness of the use of tobacco in all of its forms. I wish all Christians could have heard that speech, for it was right at point.

Seventh. Have proper efforts been made in the week day and Sunday schools for the education of our children? It was answered affirmatively.

Eighth. Has sufficient testimony been borne during the past year against hireling priests? This was answered affirmatively.

Thus the questions and answers ended, all passing off in a quiet manner, leaving a good impression on all present. When hireling priests were spoken of I smiled, not out of derision, but to think that a people who are so kind, and even progressive, have not made the least advance on that point for two hundred years. It seemed strange to see people who use good sense about most things should be concerned about ministers' salaries, when they get barely enough to keep soul and body together. It was all right in the days of George Fox, the founder of the society of Friends, for the English clergy were paid enormous salaries or "livings" provided for them by law. But at this time, and in America, it is unnecessary and useless. But, upon the whole, I enjoyed the meeting very much and was truly glad to find the spirit of religious progress among that people, and hope they will continue to advance until they attain to the highest state of perfection. After bidding them farewell I resumed my journey and went on my way rejoicing.

ONE WEEK OF MISSIONARY WORK.

I have often thought if the benevolent friends, who give their money to send us poor wanderers out into the wide world as "heralds of the cross," could see two things: First, how cheerfully many who are tired of dead forms and creeds receive our kind and liberal teachings; and, second, the hard toil and wearisome labor we go through, together with the privations we often endure, I think it would induce them to give more liberally and cheerfully than they do. I would like to see our farmers and business men, who enjoy the comforts of life and many of its luxuries too, with the endearments of family and friends, go through for one month just what we pass through, simply to give them an *insight* into the light and shadows of missionary life.

For the benefit of all whom it may concern I will give one week's experience in my work here in the West. Preached three times on Lord's day and gave a lecture to the Sunday school, and with a nervous headache went, supperless, to bed. Monday walked eight miles through a delightful country, until I reached a stream called Lye Creek, and finding the bridge swept away I waded the stream and reached the opposite shore in safety. I then walked a distance of five miles and came to

Sugar River, and finding no bridge there I plunged in as before, with a view of crossing; but after stemming the rapid current for awhile and finding it deeper and swifter than I expected, my courage began to fail me and I felt, I suppose, a little as Peter did while attempting to walk on Gallilee. But thinking it was no time to look back, and remembering that I had an appointment ahead and no other way to reach it, and that I often put people into the water all over, I plucked up courage and went forward, coming out all right on the other side, although the stream at this place was about two hundred yards wide and some of the way three feet deep. I enjoyed a good visit and religious meeting that evening and felt amply repaid for the toils of the past day. Tuesday walked eight miles, made four visits, preached to a full house in the evening and received three into the church. Wednesday met a bigoted sectarian, who sent myself and several denominations to hell, but I did not go, but walked six miles in the opposite direction and had a blessed meeting at night. Thursday only walked five miles and met with the Good Templars in the evening and gave them two songs and a short lecture or speech. Friday, visited and read in the morning and prepared a lecture and gave it to a large congregation in the evening. Saturday prepared two sermons for Sunday and spoke in the evening on Christian charity. Preached Lord's day morning on the responsibility of parents to their children, and at night to the young people upon the necessity of forming good habits and beginning life right, and enjoyed a refreshing season from the Lord. Went to my lodgings with a thankful heart and at peace with God and all mankind, except traitors and rumsellers. Thus ended the week's labor, which, by the by, was nothing uncommon and not as fatiguing as some weeks I could mention.

INFIDELITY, OR OLD GENERAL CHADWICK.

In the summer of 1850, as I was traveling on foot in the state of Michigan, I stopped at a grocery in the, then, new village of Van Buren, to rest my weary limbs, and while there I encountered an old gentleman by the name of Chadwick, whom I found to be a pro-slavery Democrat and a rough swearing fellow. We had a warm controversy for an hour or more, when finally he said, "The Bible sanctioned human slavery." In reply, I asked him for a text of Scripture in its favor. I told him that I did not know of any, unless it should be the golden rule. "All things

whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even the same unto them." But he was sharp enough to see the *hit* and felt it too, and answered, "That is not it, but *cursed* be, what do you call his name." O, I said, I know who you mean—cursed be copperheads. But upon this he partly laughed, and partly swore, and I turned away and left him and proceeded on my journey. But I had not proceeded far before I saw him following after me with a two horse wagon, so I stepped aside and said to him when he came up, "Well, old man, you and I have had a glorious political quarrel back there, now suppose you let me ride." "Ride, yes in welcome," and stopped his team to let me get in. He soon informed me that he was skeptical and yet was not a confirmed infidel, and hoped that Christianity might be true. I soon found that his objections, like most of that class, were not so much against Christianity proper as against the irritational doctrines and human dogmas of fallible men. He, like many others, had paid but little attention to the doctrines and practice of Christianity as taught in the New Testament, and hence was a poor judge of its merits or demerits. He spoke with great earnestness, and often mixed vulgar and profane language while speaking of the most solemn and tender things. After learning that I was a minister, he seemed to try and leave off his profanity, but found it a difficult task to break off from this very bad habit. In the course of our conversation, he told me that he lived down toward the lake—had a large tract of land, a saw mill, and had a good many men and their families working for him, and wanted me to go home with him, and become a settled preacher among them. And as an inducement, he said he would give me eighty acres of land, and put up a pretty cottage home for us to live in. I told him that was a very generous offer indeed; but I said, "Why do you want to hire a man to come and preach that to you and your folks, which you call false—a cunningly devised fable." "Ah," said he, "there is the rub, I *may* be wrong, and the Bible may be true, and if it is true what a glorious truth it is, and I ought to know it. I am not satisfied with my faith and religious surroundings, and I tell you frankly that I do not want my children brought up in heathenism. My wife is a Christian and a good woman too, and I much rather my children would be educated in her faith than in mine, if I have any faith, but I have *none*, for skepticism is nothing but unbelief—it is a negation, a cypher, a blank, and often a great deal worse

than nothing. I wish I was something—wish I had faith—wish I was a Christian.” So, after going on in this strain for quite a length of time, as we leisurely rode along, he seemed to wake up all at once as if out of a dream, and said; “What kind of a preacher are you though?” I made answer that I was the *right* kind of a preacher of course. “Yes, but are you a Universalist minister?” I told him that I was not. “Well then, all right,” he said. “I thought if you were a Universalist, I did not want you, for if religion was anything it was everything. But as for universalism there was nothing in it. A man may serve God or the devil—be a good man or a bad man, all the same—he is on his way to heaven. I am not caught in that way—not caught with chaff; for if I become a Christian at all, I wish to be a real genuine one—have a living faith and obey from the heart the real Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. And if you preach for us I want your preaching to drive us up into the corner of the seat, and make us think that the very devil is after us, for that is the only kind of preaching that will do us miserable sinners any good.” As I took my leave of him, I promised to call and preach awhile, and perhaps accept his offer on my way back from the west, but it was not convenient, and I did not call. I have always regretted that I did not visit him on my return; for I presume I would have found it a good field of labor, and perhaps been successful in winning many precious souls to Christ.

DUTY FIRST, BUSINESS AFTERWARD.

While preaching at Sherman, in Texas, by the aid and advice of the brethren who had just moved into their new church, I organized a Sunday school, and while getting teachers for the classes Brother Brown, who was one of the talented lawyers of the state and counsel for the Texas Central Railroad, came forward and offered to teach a class. We were glad of this, for he was eminently qualified, and then the example was so good. Time passed on, and the school increased in numbers and interest, and this brother was at his post, leading his flock into green pastures. When my engagement with this church expired, I took my leave of the friends and went further south, preaching in Austin, San Marcus, Blanco City and Waco, a city of ten thousand inhabitants. After being absent over a year, I visited the Sherman church again and

spent one Lord's day with them. Saturday night I tarried with Brother Brown, and as we were seated in his parlor he received a letter or telegram from his law partner, requesting his immediate presence at McKinney on business. This threw him into a deep study, and he seemed troubled, but after awhile he said, "I will have to go, I suppose, and leave my class, but I feel sorry over it." Silence prevailed for awhile, but finally he threw the dispatch on the table saying, decidedly, "No, I will not go. I will remain and teach my class, for I have left them but once, and that caused by sickness in my family. Duty *first*, business afterward." I thought here was truly a *model teacher* for us. A wealthy man, a popular lawyer, a politician and a man of great business, and yet put his Sunday school class duties ahead of everything else. How few there are of this style, who would say, "Duty first, and business afterward." So many look upon the Sunday school as a very small thing, not worthy the attention of men of business.

A GENEROUS DONATION.

By invitation, when preaching at Ripley, Holmes county, Ohio, I went over into the valley towards the county seat and preached Saturday night and Sunday in a nice church and had an excellent meeting. At the close of the sermon on Lord's day they took up a collection to remunerate me for my labor. After meeting, a well-to-do member asked me how much the collection amounted to. I told him *one dollar and a half*. "Is that all?" he said, rather indignantly, and with spirit adding, "that is too bad; come as far as you have, and preach sermons Saturday night and Sunday, and only get one dollar and fifty cents! I will help you some." And he gave me a *nickel*. I thanked him five cents' worth, and told him I would make good use of it and hoped he would be amply rewarded, "for he that soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully, and he that soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly."

I HAVE HAD A DAY, BUT I PRIZED IT NOT.

When I was preaching in southwestern Ohio some years ago, I called to see a very sick young man, who apparently was dying. I approached the bed where he was lying, expressing deep sympathy for him

in his feeble, dying condition, and finally asked him if I should read the Scriptures and pray with him. But he answered, "No, for it is too late now, for I had a day and prized it not." I told him that God was very merciful, slow to anger, and not willing that any should perish, but that all could turn to Him and live, and while there was life there was hope. But with despair pictured on his countenance and with a sad voice, he said again, "I had a day, but prized it not." I then spoke to him of the prayer of the dying thief on the cross: "Lord, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom;" but he replied with the same sad, despairing voice, "Yes, I know that, but my case is very different from his, for that poor, dying man had never seen the Savior before nor heard the invitations of the gospel, but I have sat under its teachings from childhood and have spurned all its solemn warnings and kind invitations, have waded through the prayers and tears of the Holy Son of God until I am left hopeless with nothing remaining but a fearful looking for of fiery indignation that will soon destroy my poor soul. Ah, I had a day, but I prized it not. I had a mother, lovely as an angel and as pure as life's morning, but I turned a deaf ear to all her admonitions and even grieved her pure spirit when she was dying, and would not promise to meet her in heaven. I tell you I had a day, but prized it not.

"I had a sweet, loving sister, who, like an angel of mercy, sought to turn me away from my sins to the service of the living God, but all in vain. And when she was dying, she took my hand and earnestly entreated me to meet her in heaven, but I pulled my hand away, refusing to grant her dying request. She wept almost tears of blood as she bade us all farewell and soon breathed her last; and yet I was unmoved and my heart was hard as the nether mill-stone. We laid her sweet form down in the silent mansions of the dead and returned to our lonely home without the least anxiety on my part to obey the gospel. And here I am now, on my dying bed, with no prospect of meeting those dear ones in that pure, immortal state. Please let me alone, for there is no hope in my case; my soul is lost forever." And after a few moments of solemn stillness, for I did not know what to say, he turned his despairing eyes toward the wall and wailed out, "I had a day, but I prized it not," and died.

I wept as I turned away, but fervently uttered the prayer: "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his," but O, Lord, forbid that I should die like this man.

AN APPENDIX.

Soon after the closing chapter of my husband's autobiography his eyesight failed him, so that he could not read or write, therefore I find it in an unfinished condition, very many pages misplaced and quite a number *duplicated*, owing to his failing sight, so it has been almost a puzzle to arrange it for the press; but knowing how anxious he was to have it published, I have done the best I could with the manuscript and send it out to the world, hoping his friends will give it a warm welcome. If you will *observe* the last page he wrote, you will think doubtless as I do, that he could not have written differently if he had known all that has since occurred. I have tried to use his *own words* as much as possible. After his eyesight failed he could not give up the idea of preaching, although diseased in various ways, so in the fall of 1892 we went to Denver, Colo., to visit our daughter and were gone from home some months, holding meetings by the way. He was especially active in meetings, going by Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska; also staying some weeks after I returned, and before he got home he was taken sick at Goshen, Ind., and had a surgical operation performed. After starting for home again he stopped at Winchester, Ind., and held some meetings there. The next attempt he reached home very weary—more so than I had ever seen him on coming home. He rested for a few weeks, but was still desirous of going out in the work of his life, and thought some of going to Pennsylvania, although in such a feeble condition. By this time it was October, and our son having moved to Indianapolis, he went out to see them, they meeting him at the depot. The second day after he got there he was taken very sick and our son dispatched for me to come at once, and of course I went. On arriving there I found him much better, but after a few days I consulted the best surgeon in the city and

he came and performed an operation on him, and he was so relieved that I brought him home the next day. He stayed home a few weeks, but was so desirous of doing a *little* more for the Master that he started for Toledo, but stopped by the way and held meetings east of Urbana, I think. Then he came home again before making his attempted visit to Toledo and Neapolis, which was his *last home leaving*. He preached on Sunday at Neapolis, founding his remarks on the Sermon on the Mount. Elder Britton wrote me on Monday that he was very tired, but was resting. On Tuesday evening he had a meeting, but was too feeble to stand, so he sat in his chair and gave a *resume* of his life, which Brother Britton said was interesting indeed, and this proved to be his last public effort. The next day he started homeward, but when only four miles on the way he stopped to consult Dr. Heath at Whitehouse, where he took la grippe and was so bad that our son came from Indiana and took him, in a sleeper to his home, and put him under the care of their surgeon, Dr. Sutcliff, and he took charge of his case till the great Father said: "It is enough, come up higher."

He dictated a letter to *The Herald of Gospel Liberty*, which was published, and as some would like to know how he felt in his last illness, I insert a copy of it:

"As I am on the bed sick, and perhaps will never more arise to greet my friends and brethren, I will say that I am nearly eighty-two years old. I have been a minister of the gospel and actively engaged in the work of saving souls for over sixty years. I am perfectly satisfied with the plea that the Christians started out with, namely: 'The Bible our creed, Christian our name, Christian union our motto.' The names of those good brother pioneers and my associates in the work present themselves to my mind—a host of them—(*names omitted*)—I often think of them. How I would like to see those that survive and my many other friends in the church. It would help me much and be a great comfort to me to receive letters from many of them. It will cheer me onward and light up my pathway. If my duties are through on earth and it is the Divine will that I shall cross over the river, I will go rejoicing. I wish the prayers of all of God's people, that I may bear, patiently, the suffering and pain that I am now passing through, and that it may work for my good. And now, brethren, one word more, I want you to hold on to your plea, for you are on the Divine foundation and God will bless

you in the good work. I, John, am your brother and companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.

“JOHN ELLIS,

“No. 3 English Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.”

One Lord's day during his illness Brother Hicks and several of his congregation who worshiped near by came in and held a little service in his room and he enjoyed it very much, and there partook of his last communion on earth. He was able to give them a little exhortation and sang them his eightieth birthday song, which these friends will remember.

After this he was not inclined to talk much and seemed to think his talks were about ended. He grew weaker rapidly until Monday noon, February 26, 1894, with his wife, daughter, son and family around his bed, knowing us all, he passed out into the unseen, opening his eyes at the last as if he saw a host come to escort him heavenward, and left his lifeless body there before us. Thus ended his active, ministerial life. The next day we had a short service at our son's house with singing and *three* Disciple brethren gave a short talk each. After this we started with the body for our home at Yellow Springs, O., where the next day we had another service at our house, after which we conveyed his lifeless form to the silent house of the dead and placed it on the same lot with our son Charley, whose ashes have made it sacred for fourteen years. Now, kind reader, you have the finishing up of his life work, the *last* page he wrote in his autobiography, a synopsis of his *last* public talk, the *last* letter he dictated for the press and his *last* communion in his sick room. And thus, at the age of eighty-one years and six months, he was released from labor in this life and began the life that is unending.

C. D. ELLIS.

Songs, Hymns and Poems.

By Elder John Ellis.

The Wandering Pilgrim.

(Written by Elder John Ellis, at the age of 21.)

I am a wandering pilgrim, an exile I do roam,
I'm in a land of strangers far from my native home,
I cross the lofty mountains, I face the snow and rain
To preach a risen Savior, the lamb for sinners slain.

I take the Holy Bible to be my only guide,
I know no other Gospel than Jesus crucified,
I am not superstitious nor filled with party zeal,
The love of Christ is precious, its virtue I do feel.

But while I am a-preaching, as Jesus gave command,
I meet with opposition and trials on each hand ;
Some say that I'm deluded and filled with heresy,
My preaching is not useful, I'm leading men astray.

Some say that I am sober, some say that I am rude,
Some say that I am humble, some say that I am proud,
Some say they will not hear me, they say it is too plain,
Some say that I am selfish, some say I preach for gain.

But though the world despise me and call me poor and mean,
And now should persecute me and give me cruel names,
I trust the Holy Savior will help me still to bear
In meekness those reproaches which daily I do hear.

In Jesus' name I'll conquer and triumph o'er the grave
With all God's holy people whom Jesus Christ will save ;
I, then, will join the angels and with them ever dwell,
So then, my friends and neighbors, I bid you all farewell.

Western Missionary.

I was weary while crossing the prairie and sat down by the way-side and wrote the following hymn.

O'er the beautiful prairie an exile I roam,
 Away from my kindred—the loved ones at home—
 To publish salvation to the aged and youth
 And preach the pure Gospel of mercy and truth.

I face the cold storms of rain and of snow,
 While sharp piercing winds around me do blow,
 And often feel weary as the day doth decline,
 And think of the loved ones I left far behind.

The foxes have holes and the birds have their nests,
 The conies find shelter in the rocks where they rest,
 But I, like my Master, by duty am led,
 And like Him, I have not a place for my head.

Yet I do not murmur, or feel to complain,
 Nor shrink from the hardships of sorrow or pain;
 And trust, though this body may fall in the west,
 My spirit will enter the land of the blest.

'Tis well, then, though strangers should stand by my bed,
 No tears of affection be over me shed,
 'Tis well, then, though strangers should lay me to rest,
 If I'm but permitted to die at my post.

On the Death of a Young Lady.

Once more the sound of death we hear,
 Another summoned to appear
 At God's impartial bar;
 A blooming youth is called to go,
 And bid farewell to all below,
 And leave her friends in tears.

Her morning sun rose bright and clear,
 Resplendent shown for nineteen years,
 Without one dimming shade;
 With joy she hailed each rising morn
 And did not see the gathering storm,
 That lowered round her head.

But, O, how changed the scene is now—
 That lovely youth has had to bow
 To death's relentless power;
 Unfeeling death, that cruel foe,
 Has pierced her heart and laid her low,
 And lopped that morning flower.

My lovely child, why did you go
 And leave your friends in tears below,
 To mourn your early fall?
 But hush, my soul, do not complain,
 Our loss was her eternal gain;
 She heard the Savior call.

And now, methinks, I hear her say,
 "My friends, O, never weep for me
 For Jesus is my friend;
 My soul has found a resting place
 In my Redeemer's fond embrace,
 The Christian's long sought home."

Adieu, dear child, farewell, farewell,
 The loss we feel no tongue can tell,
 Yet we will let you go;
 May naught disturb your peaceful rest,
 No storm alarm that quiet breast,
 Till the last trump shall blow.

And while you sleep in yonder grave,
 And o'er thy ashes gently wave
 The willow's tender bough,
 May those who mourn your early fall
 Prepare for death's alarming call,
 For they are mortals too.

I Can't Go To The Ball.

(Written on receiving a ticket to attend a ball.)

Your token of friendship I have,
 Feel thankful, indeed, for the same,
 But hope that you will not be grieved
 If with you I do not attend.

My time is too precious on earth
 To spend in so childish a way.
 I cannot engage in your mirth,
 Nor join in the trifling play.

A heaven of bliss would be lost,
 My conscience be covered with shame,
 My flattering prospects cut off.
 And sweet cheering hope would be slain,

The cause of my Master would bleed,
 My brethren with sorrow be filled,
 The wicked encouraged, indeed.
 And Jesus, my Savior, be killed.

Then look not for me at your ball,
 Nor seek me among the gay crowd,
 But when in that festival hall
 Reflect on the judgments of God.*

When the young man, Orin Dewey, who sent this ticket to Elder Ellis, went after the young lady he was to take to the ball, he took the returned ticket with him, and told her one of them had been returned with some poetry written on the back of it. So he read it to her, and as the last line was read, it sank into the heart of this lady—Sofronia Johnson—and she never got rid of "Reflect on the Judgments of God," until she gave her heart to Him and found peace. I heard her relate this fact in her experience.--C. D. E.

The Songs of the Little Birdies.

I came to the grove where the foresters sing
 And gently sat down in the shade,
 The early spring birds made the wild woods ring
 With the sweet rural music they made.

"We thank Thee, dear Father," each note seemed to say,
 "That thou hast preserved us so long;
 The cold storms of winter have all passed away,
 And sweet, lovely spring has now come.

"The leaves of the forest begin to appear,
 And meadows are moulted in green;
 The streamlets now flow, the blue sky is clear
 And beautiful flowers are seen.

"Preserve us, our Father, on each summer day,
 And help us in rearing our young,
 From each little nest drive rude boys away,
 And we will repay Thee with song."

I listened with joy to each birdie's song,
And hoped that their prayer would be heard,
And asked the great Father to keep me from wrong
And make me as pure as the birds.

The White Pilgrim.

I came to the spot where the White Pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by the tomb;
When in a low whisper I heard something say,
"How sweetly I sleep here alone.

"The tempest may howl, and the loud thunders roll—
And gathering storms may arise—
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

"I wandered an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the Gospel endeavored to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

"But when among strangers and far from my home—
No kindred or relatives nigh—
I met the contagion and sank in the tomb,
My spirit ascending on high.

"Go tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear
Has kindly conducted me home."

The Rumseller's Lament.

"Alas!" said a rumseller, "I once had a home,
A nice splendid mansion, obtained by selling rum,
It was furnished superbly in the costliest way,
But the temperance fanatics have swept it away.

"I once had my customers and plenty of cash,
Could drive a fine horse, and cut a great dash,
Was loved and respected by the rich and the gay,
But the temperance fanatics have swept them away.

"I once wore fine clothing, had a gold headed cane,
A costly gold watch, and a beautiful chain;
But sadly how changed now from that prosperous day.
For the temperance fanatics have swept them away.

"My business once prospered and money was free,
And whisky and brandy and rum you could see
In great abundance in that happy day.
But temperance fanatics have swept them away.

"And I'm all covered with rags as you see,
With a patch on my elbow and a rent on the knee.
No money, no bread, and no friends in this day,
For the temperance fanatics have swept them away.

"But one thing consoles me in this time of need,
For some have a rum-plank in their political creed,
And down on my knees to the devil I'll pray,
That the temperance fanatics may not ruin the day."

THE SECOND PART.

"And, yet, on reflection and having more light,
I half way believe the fanatics are right;
That my business is sinful and leading astray,
And ought to be swept entirely away.

"For I've seen its effects on the old and the young,
Like a blighting scourge with its venomous tongue,
As it spared neither aged, childhood, or youth,
And trampled in dust all the lovers of truth.

"I sometimes have thought as I offered the glass
To the giddy and thoughtless who before me did pass,
I could see in the depths of its fountain below
The syrens that led to the vortex below.

"The tears of the widow and orphan there roll
As crushed were their hopes in the maddening bowl,
And the husband and father, once pure as the snow,
By the use of strong drink was forever laid low.

"The jail and the prison and the poor-house, I think,
Appear to my vision as I offered them drink,
And wailings came up from lost spirits below,
And filled my sad heart with anguish and woe,

“And so I’ve concluded to pour out my rum,
Break all my bottles, and be a temperance man.
So fetch on your pledges, prohibition and all,
And I’ll help you to roll on this temperance ball.”

On the Death of Sister Ella Stewart.

Now go, dearest Ella, to the land of the blest
Where apostles and prophets have gone,
Thy spirit was weary, but now findeth rest,
With Jesus around the white throne.

In the early sweet, spring time while the flowers were gay,
And nature looked lovely and fair,
The angels were sent to call thee away
To thy beautiful home in the air.

Thy soul early tasted the sweetest delight,
Thy spirit was free from all gloom,
The flowers of affection, unfading and bright,
Were filled with the sweetest perfume.

But earth was too drear for thy permanent home,
And Jesus has called thee away
To dwell with the angels around the bright throne,
And with them forever to stay.

Farewell, dearest Ella, we will not complain,
Though tears of deep sympathy flow;
The loss we all feel to thee is great gain,
As we most assuredly know.

Sunshine and Shade.

Heat is mingled with our cold,
Dross is mingled with our gold.
Day is mingled with our night,
Wrong is mingled with our right.
Joy is mingled with our pain,
Loss is mingled with our gain,
Hope is mingled with our fears,
Smiles are mingled with our tears.
Want is mingled with our wealth,
Sickness mingled with our health.

Sin is mingled with our good,
 Poison mingled with our food,
 Love is mingled with our hate,
 Small things mingled with the great,
 Thorns are mingled with our flowers,
 Sunshine mingled with our showers,
 Songs are mingled with our sighs,
 Laughter mingled with our cries,
 War is mingled with our peace,
 Trouble mingled with our ease,
 Toil is mingled with our rest,
 Bad is mingled with the best,
 Sinners mingle with the saints,
 Praises mingle with complaints.

My Mother in Heaven.

My mother now has left the shore
 That is by sin uneven;
 Her toils are past, her sufferings o'er,
 Afflicting scenes disturb no more,
 Methinks she's gone to heaven.

Unfeeling death, that cruel foe,
 My heart with pain has riven:
 He does not hear the orphan's woe,
 Nor can he see their tears which flow,
 But mother lives in heaven.

How oft, dear mother, you have mourned
 And labored for your children;
 How much for them was you concerned,
 Lest we should never leave our sins,
 Or e'er prepare for heaven.

Now sleep, dear mother, in the tomb,
 I wish not to disturb thee;
 I know thy toils are at an end,
 And trust in Christ you find a friend,
 Who gives you rest in heaven.

Silver-Wedding of Elder B. F. Rapp.

I have no shining silver or ducats of precious gold,
Nor brass within my coffers, as Peter said of old ;
But what I have to offer will cheerfully be given
In coin that may be current within the gates of heaven.

One quarter of a century with you has passed away.
Since joined in matrimony on that eventful day,
But still you are united in Hymen's sacred bonds.
As closely, if not more so, as when pronounced but one.

It has not been all sunshine through which you two have come,
Nor has it been all shadow o'erwhelming you in gloom ;
But mixed with shade and sunshine has thus far been your life,
Since Letitia and B. F. were joined as man and wife.

Have each of you been faithful and acted well your part,
And been to each other helpful with kind and loving heart.
And sought to lighten burdens that on each other lay.
And smooth the rugged places of life's uneven way?

When one was sad and lonely and sinking in despair,
Has the other been more cheerful and helped the load to bear?
And when the heart's devotion of one has seemed to wane,
Has the other sought to kindle a bright and heavenly flame?

"A word that's fitly spoken," said Solomon of old,
"Is like pictures of silver in apples of fine gold."
Kind words and kinder actions will tame the wildest heart,
And to the wayward spirit the healing balm impart.

When clouds of sullen darkness shall overcast your way,
And fears that you in sadness may be a castaway,
Then view the *silver* lining that shineth through the gloom,
Just like the resurrection that dawns upon the tomb.

And when the threads of silver may deck your aged brow,
Be your frame bent with labor and vigor waning low,
The silver cord be loosened, the cistern nearly dry,
Lift up your heads rejoicing, redemption draweth nigh.

Still blow the trump of silver and warn the world of sin,
And gather up the lost ones, a bride for Jesus win,
Go rescue men and women from rum's bewitching spell,
And drive the liquor demon down to the lowest hell.

Now, in the conclusion I bid you twain farewell.
And pray that God's pure spirit may always with you dwell ;
Your life be filled with usefulness till evening time shall come
And angels take your spirits to your immortal home.

Practical Thoughts For the Workers.

Have you looked for my sheep in the desert,
For those who have wandered away?
Have you been in the wild waste places
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have you trodden the loneliest highway,
The alleys and the darkest of streets?
It may be you would hear them bleating,
Or see some of the prints of their feet.

Have ever you folded to your bosom
Some feeble and trembling poor lamb,
And warmed into life when near frozen,
As kindly good shepherds only can?
Have you searched for the poor and the needy,
With no clothing, no home, and no bread?
For Jesus was once surely like them,
And had not where to lay his head.

Have you carried the living waters,
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have you told to the sick and wounded,
Christ Jesus now maketh thee whole?
Have you told to my poor fainting children
Of the strength of the dear Father's hand?
Have you guided the slow tottering footsteps
To the shores of that beautiful land?

Have you stood by the sad and the weary
To smooth the dark pillow of death,
And comfort the sorrow stricken,
And strengthen their trembling faith?
And have you not felt by the glory
That streamed through that bright open door,
And flitted so brightly before you,
That I had oft been there before?

Changing From Youth To Age.

Days of my youth, ye are gliding away,
 Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray,
 Eyes of my youth, ye much evil have seen,
 Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears ye have been,
 Heart of my youth, thou hast oft swelled with grief
 And sought in religion the balm of relief.

Friends of my youth, whom I tenderly loved,
 Scenes of my youth where in childhood I roved,
 Birds of my youth with plumage so gay,
 Joys of my youth, ye have flown far away,
 Fields of my youth where the wild cherry grew,
 Home of my youth, I must bid you adieu.

Groves of my youth in whose cooling shade
 On my low bended knees many vows I have made,
 Woods of my youth where the wild pigeons sing,
 Lanes of my youth where I've wandered in spring,
 Ye hedges and hawthorns and scenes wild and new,
 And joys of my youth, I now bid you adieu.

Days of my age, ye will shortly be passed,
 Pains of my age, yet awhile can ye last,
 Eyes of my age, be religion your light,
 Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight,
 Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold cled,
 Hopes of my age, be ye fixed upon God.

Playing the Fool For Beer.

I knew a mechanic, a blacksmith by trade,
 Whose honest industry was on the up-grade;
 And, yet, with some others then living quite near,
 Commenced the bad habit "*playing pool for strong beer.*"

His wife oft objected to his staying so long
 And hoped he would quit it, the habit was wrong,
 But he carelessly told her, with a half suppressed sneer,
 "I stopped but a moment to play pool for strong beer."

He had a young daughter, a bright little thing,
 As sweet and as lovely as the birdies of spring,
 Who looked up and asked so kind and sincere,
 "How do you, dear papa, play fool for strong beer?"

"I did not say fool," the father then said.
 "But *pool*, you dear creature," with a shake of his head.
 Yet his innocent daughter could never say *pool*,
 And in her sweet prattle would always say *fool*.

One night he came home all discouraged in soul,
 The last dime was wasted in the deep flowing bowl.
 And gloomily said he had nothing to do,
 Completely o'erwhelmed with sadness and woe.

At this his dear daughter, beholding his woe,
 Came up then inquiring, "Have you nothing to do?
 I am sure, my dear papa," she said with a tear,
 "You can yet go and play fool for strong beer."

"O, yes, little angel, that's just what I'm doing;
 I've acted the fool, it has led me to ruin,
 But from this time and onward, my sweet little dear,
 I'll never again play fool for strong beer."

On Laying a Corner Stone.

At Shelbyville, Illinois.

In the name of our Father and Jesus His son,
 We lay in our Zion this chief corner-stone—
 An emblem of purity, kindness, and love,
 And trust it may lead to the mansions above.

We build not this temple of worship below,
 To gratify pride, ambition, or show;
 But heeding the voice of humanity's call,
 We erect this chapel to benefit all.

This house will be free as the air that we breathe,
 As free as the zephyrs that float on the breeze,
 As free as the sunlight on a beautiful morn,
 Or the sparkling dew-drop on the low bending corn.

No human inventions or dogmas of men
 Will here be presented for people to sign;
 But the teachings of Jesus, so simple and mild,
 Full of love and compassion and truth unbeguiled.

These halls will be open to the lonely and sad,
 The weary find rest and the mourner made glad,
 The widow and orphan be healed of their grief,
 And penitent seekers find speedy relief.

And all who are weary, heavy laden with sin,
 Are willing to be washed in the fount and be clean,
 And heed the instructions of Christ in His word,
 Will here find a welcome in the house of the Lord.

The erring and sinful, however low down,
 Will here be assisted in their struggles with sin—
 In the language of Jesus to the woman of yore,
 "I'll not condemn thee, don't sin any more."

Little children will meet here in long years to come,
 While we who are building shall sleep in the tomb;
 To here say their lessons and joyfully sing,
 As sweet and as lovely as the songsters of spring.

In the name of our Father we now lay this stone,
 And pray for His blessing through Jesus His son,
 And dedicate all through the spirit of grace
 To the cause of humanity, reformation, and peace.

Sacred to Harriet Amelia.

When twilight dews were falling fast,
 O'er woodland and o'er sea,
 My thoughts, dear loved one, often rest,
 With pure delight on thee.
 I see thee in the dew drop bright,
 In fading hues of even;
 I see thee in the stars of night,
 The sparkling orbs of heaven.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
 There's not a flower I see,
 But brings to mind some hope that's fled.
 Some joy I've lost in thee;
 We miss thee here in every spot,
 At morning, noon, and even,
 But, dearest one, we murmur not,
 We soon will meet in heaven.

Thy parents oft with tears will stand,
 Beside thy grave an hour,
 Thy little brothers, hand in hand,
 Will strew thy bed with flowers;
 But thou wilt sleep so sweetly there,
 For that to thee is given;
 'Twere wrong to shed one mournful tear,
 For such find rest in heaven.

An Instructive Dream.

I dreamed the county fair was in successful blast,
 Exhibiting the products of the present and the past,
 And aged sires and matrons, fair maidens and young men,
 Were there in magic numbers, according to my dream.

The farmers brought their cattle, their horses and their sheep,
 Their mules, their swine, and poultry, their corn, their oats, and wheat—
 Mechanics hall was crowded with buggies, plows, and spades,
 With reapers, drills and harrows of every sort and grade.

And floral hall was blooming with flowers and plants and fruit—
 Arranged with taste and beauty, the varied minds to suit,
 And patent right inventions to aid us in our toil,
 From coffee-mills and engines to electric light and oil.

And needle work, ingenious, of every hue and sort,
 With rare and beauteous wax flowers and other curious arts,
 With bread and cakes and biscuit and honey in the comb,
 And jells and tarts and candies and butter from the churn.

And while I saw the products of garden, field, and farm,
 Together with the treasures of factories, mills, and mines,
 I spoke to a rumseller that then was standing near,
 To know what he would offer to aid our county fair.

He pointed me to widows and orphans full a score,
 Whom he had plundered often, then left them very poor—
 He also showed some specimens of his peculiar arts,
 Of blasted hopes and prospects and wounded, broken hearts—

A lot of ruined young men and boys in saddest plight,
 All stained in blood and infamy, an awful sickening sight,
 And convicts from the prisons and from the county jails
 Came looming up in sadness with most heart rending wails.

A score of raving maniacs, whose reason was dethroned,
 Appeared upon the fair ground and raved and wept and moaned,
 With idiots and imbeciles and fallen women too,
 And thieves and drunken rowdies, a most debasing crew.

The dire delirium tremens had seized one victim there,
 Who raved in maddened frenzy and tore his tangled hair,
 He cursed the world around him, he cursed his God beside,
 He cursed his wife and children, then cursed his soul and died.

And while I saw the ruin, the anguish, tears and blood,
 My spirit moved within me, I trembled as I stood,
 And asked the hardened rum-seller, "Is this the work you're doing,
 Thus crushing human hopes and dragging souls to ruin?"

I then resolved more firmly, whate'er to me befell,
 I'd fight the liquor demon and drive him down to hell.
 So then, all legal voters, on you I loudly call,
 To vote for Prohibition, and do it sure this fall.

To Her Afflicted Parents.

The owner of this album is gone,
 The dear little creature has fled,
 She slumbers in yonder lone tomb,
 Is numbered among the pale dead.

Amanda was pleasant and kind
 And sweet as the zephyrs of May—
 Her little but innocent mind
 Was as bright as the sun at noonday.

Her cheeks were like roses in bloom,
 Her eyes were expressive, not bold,
 Her lips were sweeter than perfume
 Arising from altars of gold.

The stroke, O, how cruel it seems!
 The dear little creature must fall
 And moulder in yon silent urn;
 But that is the fate of us all.

Then hush such emotions as these!
 Why mourn although she is gone?
 Her barque is not tossed on the seas,
 Or beaten by life's chilling storm.

Her spirit has flown to the skies
 With angels forever to reign;
 All tears are now wiped from her eyes,
 She will never suffer again.

Ingratitude, Or a Box Of Gold.

His locks were white and glistening, his form was bent with years,
 His eyes were dim with seeing, and oft suffused with tears,
 His heart was sad and lonely and yet he cheerful seemed
 As from his careworn features the rays of sunshine beamed.

His faithful, true companion had sunk into the grave
 And left him all alone the storms of life to brave—
 His children too had left him, had families of their own,
 And oft he sighed for sympathy while journeying on alone.

To gratify his children, he gave to them his lands,
 His mortgages and chattels and all within his hands;
 And went to live among them, but soon saw his mistake,
 For all their solemn promises were only made to break.

They called him old and clumsy and always in the way,
 Said he was cross and peevish, and more so every day,
 And hoped he soon would leave them, they really wished him dead,
 His days on earth were ended, he in the church yard laid.

Some had no room to keep him, for their large house was small,
 While others did not wish him for reasons clear to all;
 Then life became a burden and he was sore distressed
 To witness their ingratitude and cruelty expressed.

So in his sad perplexity he called upon a friend
 And told him all his troubles from beginning to the end;
 And asked if he could tell him what course he should pursue,
 To change his thankless children and make them kind and true.

"I'll tell thee, neighbor Samuel, what thee had better do,
 To make thy pathway smoother and children kind and true,
 Take this small box of mammon, thee sees 'tis full of gold,
 I've kept it many seasons to aid when I am old.

"Go call on all thy children, and in a careless way,
 To gratify the little ones just show it day by day,
 And let them see the pieces and count them o'er and o'er,
 And tell them, if thee pleases, there are as many more."

So pleased with the instruction of his peculiar friend,
 He takes the box of shining dust, which he saw lit to lend ;
 And followed the instruction to show it all around,
 Then took it back in safety to where it was first found.

The strategy was potent, it worked a perfect charm,
 And changed their cold neglect to treatment kind and warm ;
 Each house was free and open for the dear old aged form,
 With lots of room and clothing to keep grandpapa warm.

The time now passed on pleasantly, his sun of life was clear,
 And each vied with each other his aged heart to cheer,
 Till death came to release him from earthly toil and gloom,
 And lay his sacred ashes down in the silent tomb.

Then came the anxious inquiry about that box of gold,
 For who had got the treasure no one could then unfold ;
 And each accused the other and all the charge denied,
 And floods of consternation came in on every side.

At length our friend, the Quaker, came in to their relief,
 And told them all about it and of their father's grief,
 And how they had neglected him with cruel hearts and cold,
 Until deceived by lucre—that box of shining gold

Now learn this wholesome lesson and teach the multitude
 That nothing cuts so keenly as our ingratitude—
 And when you get a favor from either God or man,
 Be mindful for the blessing and thankful for the same.

Be gentle to the aged ones and treat them kindly here,
 Especially your parents who watched your tender years ;
 And smooth the way before them as they are growing old,
 And you will find it better than that small box of gold.

Lines On Being Shut Out of Love Feast.

(Not hate feast.)

The last of May, it being fair,
 The sky serene and pure the air,
 I to the house of God did go,
 The sacred truth that I might know ;
 And as I passed along the way
 The little birds did seem to say,
 "Our God is good and we will sing

The growing empire of our king."
 But when I reached the sacred place
 Where Jesus shows His shining face,
 The doors were closed against me there
 That I might worship God elsewhere.
 "Our rules are good," they said to me,
 "The reason why you cannot see,
 But if you'll bow unto our creed,
 You'll find it blessed good indeed."
 "Now let me know the reason why
 Your meeting here I can't enjoy?
 The cheerful birds in yonder bower
 Are willing all the world should hear;
 And if the songster in the bower,
 Is willing every one should hear,
 Why be contracted in your views.
 And the blest lamp of light refuse?
 Go learn a lesson from the birds,
 Who tune their harps to praise the Lord.
 And be more liberal in your mind,
 And love the saints of every kind."

Prohibition.

I am a thorough going temperance man,
 The condition and uses of the world I scan,
 And I pity its sad condition;
 The fountain of drink, I'd forever dry.
 And stop the flow, cut off the supply;
 And this is *prohibition*.

When I see a baker so badly bold
 That in every loaf of bread he sold,
 There was poison in secret gluttony,
 I'd oven him up in stone walls four,
 Where he would peddle out death no more.
 And this is *prohibition*.

If I found a butcher in Market street,
 Selling his customers impure meat,
 The infamous son of perdition,
 I'd stall him where his meat would be sure.
 His bread all plain and his drink all pure,
 And this is *prohibition*.

If I knew of a serpent hid in the grass,
 Who was sure to bite every one as they'd pass,
 I'd crush his thirsty ambition ;
 For an iron heel on his head I would bring,
 And crush out his life with its poisonous sting,
 And this is *prohibition*.

If I had a dog that was wont to bite,
 And worry my neighbors by day and by night,
 I'd fix him by demolition ;
 For in spite of his wagging, his yelps, or his fears,
 I'd cut off his tail close up to his ears,
 And this is *prohibition*.

Advice to My Brother C. B. Ellis.

You have labored long and faithful in summer, winter, spring,
 And have been quite successful in almost everything ;
 You have a home of plenty with everything to eat,
 Then why not take your comfort and rest your weary feet ?

Your boys are fixed up nicely, a grand good start in life,
 And Emma, good and handsome, may soon become a wife ;
 And lovely little Marion, so beautiful and bright,
 Can live with her dear papa, she has a perfect right.

Your form is bent with labor and silver threads do show,
 And Lucy oft gets weary, she has so much to do ;
 Then rent your many acres to some good faithful man,
 And take the world more easy as you now ought, and can.

Invite your friends and neighbors to attend a public sale,
 And sell your plows and harrows, your wagons, cows and pails,
 Keep one good horse and buggy, and one good milking cow ;
 Dispose of all your cattle, likewise the pigs and sow.

Then visit all your kindred and all the friends you please,
 Go see the works of nature and California trees ;
 And call on Zephaniah as you do pass along,
 And don't neglect the writer, your worthy brother John.

Obtain good books and papers and take more time to read,
 And cultivate your intellect and scatter precious seed ;
 Fill up your days with usefulness while here on earth you roam,
 Then meet the approbation of "Well and faithful done."

Written at the Home of Mrs. Lydia Hayward.

I called at the house of the mourner below,
 I entered the mansion of grief;
 The tears of deep sorrow most freely did flow,
 I tried, but could give no relief.

There sat a lone widow, dejected and sad,
 By affliction and sorrow oppressed;
 And there were her children in mourning arrayed,
 And sighs were escaping their breasts.

I spoke to the widow concerning her grief,
 And asked her the cause of her woe,
 And if there was nothing to give her relief,
 Or sooth her deep sorrow below.

She looked at her children, then looked upon me—
 That look I shall never forget—
 More eloquent far than a seraph could be,
 It spoke of the trials she met.

“The hand of affliction falls heavily, now,
 I’m left with my children to mourn;
 The friend of my youth lies silent and low,
 In yonder cold grave-yard alone.

“But why should I murmur, or feel to complain,
 Or think that my portion is hard?
 Have I met with affliction? ’Tis surely his gain,
 He has entered the joys of his Lord.”

Sad and Pleasant Memories.

“Remember, in thy life time the good things had in store,
 While at thy gate poor Lazarus lay helpless, sick, and sore;
 But now in deepest torment thy thankless soul is cast,
 And he in Abram’s bosom has found a home at last.”

Thus spake the voice of Abram to Dives in the flames,
 Who asked a drop of water to ease his dreadful pains,
 Thus teaching us the lesson that memory is not dead,
 Though earthly forms may perish and in the dust be laid.

Could Cain but once forget that awful, piercing sound,
The blood of righteous Abel now crying from the ground ;
Or Judas not remember his treachery and sin,
As he betrayed the Master for selfish, sordid gain.

Could those who slew the martyrs forget their awful crime,
Nor hear the plaintive pleading for mercy at their hands ;
Could Herod not remember the many children slain,
To gratify ambition that rankled in his brain.

Or if from all our memories, our sins could be erased,
And all our misdemeanors and follies be effaced,
We never more remember our wickedness and strife,
What loads of condemnation would be removed from life.

"But remember, O, remember!" is written in the text,
And man cannot erase it in this life or the next ;
The actions of our past life, to us will all appear,
And vivid recollections will sink us in despair.

But if our sins are canceled, in Christ are washed away,
The book of God's remembrance be balanced in that day ;
How sweet the recollections, to us will then appear,
Of deeds of love and kindness and good accomplished here.

If we have clothed the naked, and fed the hungry here,
Have entertained the stranger, and wiped the falling tear,
Also, created sunshine in some desponding heart,
Obeyed our Lord and Master and sought the better part—

Have visited the widow and orphan in distress,
And cheered the sad and lone ones, in this dark wilderness ;
If we have loved our Father, and all his children here,
What glorious recollections, to us will then appear.

If we have fought the evils, that curse the human race,
And battled for the right, in every way and place,
Have thrown our moral influence against each flagrant wrong,
We will then be applauded with, "Well and faithful done!"

Purified by the Fires of Affliction.

There are moments in life when the spirit is sad
And the heart to desponding is given,
When we in the fires of affliction are tried,
To fit and refine us for heaven.

The loved ones of earth are taken away,
 Which fills our sad spirit with sorrow,
 But in our affliction we hear Jesus say,
 "You'll meet them again on the morrow."

The vile tongue of slander may tarnish our fame,
 And fill us with deepest of sadness,
 But Christ will protect us from all sorrow and shame,
 And crown our lone spirit with gladness.

Our friends may forsake us and our foes all unite,
 And earth may appear to us dreary,
 Yet, the storm will be tempered to each tender lamb
 And heaven give rest to the weary.

Our way may be dark and our sky clouded o'er,
 And we by the world be forsaken;
 Our barque will glide safely to the beautiful shore,
 Our faith in God's word be mistaken.

Look up then, dear pilgrim, to mansions above,
 Be sure that your sins are forgiven,
 For God will protect thee with kindness and love
 And take thy tired spirit to heaven.

A New Year's Hymn.

Once more we greet a New Year's day,
 The old is gone, has passed away;
 Its joys are lost, its sorrows fled,
 And one and ninety-three are dead.
 Its sacred scenes, its joyful hours
 Have faded like the morning flowers,
 And while we hold these seasons dear,
 We greet again a new born year.

How many changes there have been!
 The year that now has passed and gone
 In eastern lands and southern climes,
 In western wilds, o'er northern lines.
 Empires have trembled, monarchs fell;
 The war-whoops heard and savage yell;
 Yet, still with God our lives are dear,
 We greet again a new born year.

And in our highly favored land
 Where truth and freedom boldly stand,
 Where light and love and virtue shine
 With brilliant luster all divine,
 We've had afflictions, death and woe,
 Oppressive cares and sickness too,
 The thought of which calls out the tear,
 As we now greet the new born year.

Some lovely friends we used to meet
 And in our social visits greet,
 With whom we wandered in the spring
 To hear the forest songsters sing;
 'Mid rural scenes to spend the hour
 And pluck the beautiful wild wood flower,
 Now only live in memory dear,
 While we can greet the new born year.

How many sighs, how many tears,
 How many hopes, how many fears
 Have crossed our path and marked our way
 Since last we saw a New Year's day,
 But wisdom's voice and virtue's ray
 Have cheered our hearts and lit our way,
 And Bethlehem's bright and morning Star
 Has brought us through another year.

Dare To Say No.

Dare to say "No" when you are tempted to drink;
 Pause for a moment, my boy, and think—
 Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed,
 For answering "Yes" without counting the cost.

Think of the mother who bore you in pain,
 Think of the tears that will fall like rain;
 Think of her heart and how cruel the blow,
 Think of her love and at once answer "No."

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl,
 Think of the danger to the body and soul;
 Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow,
 Look at them now and at once answer "No."

Think of a manhood with a rum-tainted breath,
 Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death,
 Think of the homes now shadowed with woe,
 Might have been heaven had the answer been "No."

Think of the lone graves both unwept and unknown,
 Hiding fair hopes that were as fair as your own;
 Think of proud forms now forever laid low,
 That still might have been, had they learned to say "No."

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,
 Driving to sin both body and soul;
 Think of all this as life's journey you go,
 And when you're assailed by the tempter say "No."

A Dream of the Night.

I dreamed a dream last night,
 A little strange and rare,
 And thought that I was sitting
 In that old rocking chair
 And Hardesty and Mattie,
 The boys and Jacob too,
 And Lina was among them,
 All pleasant, kind and true.

The night was dark and dreary,
 I heard the pattering rain
 As driven by the wild winds
 Against the window pane;
 Yet, all within was cheerful,
 And kindly words were said,
 And pleasant salutations
 As we retired to bed.

But then before retiring,
 We bowed the knee in prayer,
 And asked our heavenly Father
 For His protecting care;
 We sang the songs of Zion,
 The same we used to sing,
 Of gates and walls of Jasper,
 And Christ our heavenly king.

On the Death of Our Dear Charley.

Gone to thy rest, dear boy,
 Thy work on earth is ended,
 And in thy everlasting home,
 Life, peace and joy are blended.

No burning sun nor wintry storm
 Will reach thy quiet rest ;
 No pain nor death nor discontent
 Will come where thou art blest.

The summons from the spirit world
 Was thy dear Savior calling,
 And on His breast and in His arms
 You have no fears of falling

No anxious thoughts, or broken heart,
 Nor dim nor weeping eyes,
 Will ever be thy portion there,
 Where nothing ever dies.

There all is bright and endless life,
 Counts neither days or years,
 And as eternity rolls on,
 More lovely heaven appears.

There may thy brother and thyself,
 And sisters be united ;
 Where love and flowers will ever bloom,
 And ne'er by death be blighted.

And may thy parents so believe
 In Christ, our dearest friend,
 That they through Him may meet with thee,
 When earthly cares shall end.

I Favor, Work, Sing, Pray and Vote Prohibition.

I *favor* prohibition because I know it's right ;
 It works a révolution amid the scenes of night,
 Abating many a nuisance, those streams of sin and woe,
 And wiping tears of sadness which now so freely flow.

I *work* for prohibition, and work with all my might,
 And feel no hesitation, for I know that I am right ;
 It takes away temptation from the inebriate's path
 And saves the moderate drinker from ruin, shame and death.

I *sing* for prohibition a sweet melodious song,
 And trust the holy angels will waft the strain along ;
 For they are interested in poor, weak, fallen man,
 And surely will assist him in every way they can.

I *pray* for prohibition an earnest, fervent prayer,
 That God may save the young men from rum's seductive snare ;
 And think that He will aid us with wisdom from on high,
 For He has heard the widow's and orphan's plaintive cry.

I *vote* for prohibition and do it with a will,
 The deadly Bohon Upas I am resolved to kill ;
 And bind the liquor demon in prohibition's chain,
 And hurl him to perdition, forever to remain.

A Pleasant Dream.

I dreamed a pleasant dream last night,
 That seemed to do me good ;
 It filled my heart with sweet delight
 As in the past I stood.

I thought that I was young again,
 And pressed with earthly care ;
 My children mingled in the scene,
 Were young and fresh and fair.

My boys, with satchels in their hands,
 Were going to the school ;
 And Mary by my side did stand,
 A-singing sweet by rule.

The scene then changed, I stood alone,
 And saw three little mounds,
 And names upon a marble stone,
 And rose leaves scattered round.

And as I grieved in pensive mood,
 My heart with anguish riven,
 A voice then seemed to say to me,
 You'll meet them all in heaven.

The scene then changed with me again ;
I stood in the house of prayer,
Proclaiming truth to dying men,
Exposed to long despair.

I saw the weeping woman come
And bow at Jesus feet,
And enter in while there was room,
Obtaining joys complete.

I preached and prayed and wept and sung,
With earnestness of heart ;
While many on my preaching hung,
And chose the better part.

But in the midst of this good work,
Which did so real seem,
I unexpectedly awoke,
And lo ! it was a dream.

On Visiting My Native Land.

I am happy to meet you once more in this land,
My brethren and sisters so dear ;
With pleasure I greet you and offer my hand,
In Christian affection sincere.

How oft we have met here in days past and gone,
And bowed at the altar of prayer ;
And mingled our voices addressing the throne,
For blessings to rest on us here.

The aged, the younger, both parent and child,
And brothers and sisters have gone ;
The vain and the haughty, the gentle and mild,
Have sunk in the dark, dreary tomb.

Though time maketh changes, in me is no change,
Religion still lies near my heart ;
The truths of the Gospel to me are the same,
And with them I never can part.

The platform of freedom I yet stand upon,
And have not deserted the Lord ;
Toward Christian perfection am pressing along,
And love all the pious and good.

Again I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And go to the beautiful west,
To publish salvation in parts that are new,
Inviting the weary to rest.
Reluctant I leave you and weep as I go,
To think that I from you am riven,
Yet hope while the tears of tenderness flow,
To meet all the loved ones in heaven.

Pure and Undefined Religion.

There is on earth a cheering ray,
To pensive mortals given ;
Which soothes the heart from sorrow's sway,
And drives foreboding fears away.
We call it pure religion.

This precious gem is from above,
'Tis not a mere delusion,
'Tis not a dream, but perfect love.
A shining pearl, a heavenly dove,
Are types of pure religion.

It calms the angry storm within,
The breasts of mourners weeping,
It breaks the galling yoke of sin,
And washes mortals white and clean ;
Oh, this is pure religion !

It gives the weary pilgrim rest,
And strength in each temptation ;
It helps the widow in distress,
The orphan and the fatherless,
O, then embrace religion !

The Counter Part.

I hate this prohibition, although it may be right,
And will surely fight against it both morning, noon and night ;
It takes away our freedom and gives us sumptuary laws,
So I propose to fight against it and work against the cause.

I work against the matter, yet hesitate somewhat,
 Because my conscience tells me perhaps I better not;
 There may be retribution laid up in store for me,
 For tempting boys and young men and leading them astray.

I sing to prohibition the drunkard's rowdy song,
 And know that all the demons will waft the song along;
 For they are interested in what we aim to do,
 Corrupting young immortals and dragging down to woe.

I don't pray for prohibition, don't take much stock in prayer,
 If men will go to ruin it's not for me to care;
 If they are not strong enough to shun the tempting bowl,
 Why, let them go to ruin in body, mind, and soul.

I vote against amendment, my liberty is at stake,
 My birth right of freedom shall no fanatic take;
 I want my daily rations, will vote for the saloon,
 And with the world around me will meet my awful doom.

I'll drink the sparkling liquid just where and when I will,
 And take it like the porker a-guzzling down his swill;
 I have a right to drink it and make myself a fool,
 And ruin soul and body, then tumble into hell.

The Answer to the Foregoing.

I think, dear friend, I have a soul,
 As taught by Christian men of old,
 A spiritual something bright and fair,
 Not made of *water, earth or air*.

A living, willing, thinking mind,
 For moral and mental ends designed,
 A something called the "inner man,"
 By writers of the gospel plan.

Possessing conscience, heart and love,
 And moral feelings from above,
 Will live with Christ in Paradise,
 When this poor mortal body dies.

We call it not immortal soul,
 But immaterial as a whole,
 God alone hath immortality,
 Dwelling in the light—eternity.

Now, tell me, friends, have you a soul,
 A spirit deep within untold?
 Or, are you like the beasts that roam,
 Composed of flesh and blood and bone;
 And like the brutes will live and die,
 Then drop in vast nonentity?

But as for me give me a soul,
 And let me live on years untold,
 Live here the life of pure Christianity,
 Then enter into glorious immortality.

Fifty Years Ago.

I'm glad to meet you all, dear friends,
 Whom I have met before,
 And preach to you the word of life,
 As in the days of yore;
 Extend the hand of Christian love,
 As oft we used to do,
 When I was with you in this place,
 Some fifty years ago.

We preached and prayed, we wept and sung,
 And labored for the right;
 And gathered precious souls to Christ,
 Near every day and night;
 We saw the church of God built up,
 And precious seed did sow
 O'er hills and valleys in this land,
 Some fifty years ago.

But what a change we now behold
 Among the brethren here!
 How many loved ones now are gone,
 For whom we shed a tear!
 I think of Marvin, Rote and Lane,
 And J. H. Currier, too;
 I think of Harvey, Row and Jones,
 Some fifty years ago.

Just one is left, and only one,
 Of all the preachers then,
 And he is bowed with age and toil,
 His race is nearly run;

And, yet, he loves the Savior still,
 Is gentle, kind and true,
 And loves the truth we used to preach,
 Some fifty years ago.

The storms of life have bent *my* form,
 And silver threads are seen,
 But still my faith is just the same,
 My spirit fresh and green.
 I love the Lord, I love His word,
 I love my brethren too,
 And preach the same pure gospel now
 As fifty years ago.

Once more I bid you all adieu,
 And leave you in God's care,
 And hope you'll all remember me
 Before the throne in prayer.
 I hope to meet you all again,
 Although we part in tears,
 In Caanan's fair and happy land
 In less than fifty years.

Invitation Hymn.

When the dreamy spell is broken,
 When the charm of sin is gone,
 When the book of life is open,
 And thou standest at His throne,
 What will be thy bitter wailings,
 When before that awful bar?
 Prayers and tears not then availing
 Thou wilt sink in deep despair.

Art thou aged? Think of dying,
 Pause and view the silent tomb;
 Precious moments swiftly flying
 Soon will fix thy final doom.
 Hast thou grieved God's holy spirit,
 Spurned the Gospel from thy heart?
 Oh, return through Jesus' merit,
 Seek in Christ the better part!

Youthful friends, the Lord is calling,
 Saying, "Turn; why will you die?"
 Mercy drops around are falling,
 Jesus Christ is passing by.
 Will you heed the invitation,
 That to you in love is given?
 Seek, O, seek your soul's salvation,
 Leave your sins and fly to heaven!

Anxious sinner deeply mourning,
 Weeping o'er thy ruined state,
 Will you heed the solemn warning,
 Ere with you it be too late?
 Jesus loves a contrite spirit,
 Will not break a bruised reed;
 He will save you through His merit,
 If you to your ways take heed.
 Has thy way been dark and dreary?
 Has the world ungrateful been?
 Hast thou oft been faint and weary,
 And thy pathway strewn with sin?
 Is thy bosom filled with sadness,
 And despair a frequent guest?
 O, return to Christ in gladness;
 Enter now into His rest.

Invitation Hymn.

Dear friends, I have come to invite you
 To leave off your follies and turn;
 With the power of truth would excite you,
 Before you in torment do burn.

Chorus:—Turn! Turn! O, turn!
 Before you in torment do burn.

Oh! I weep when I view your condition.
 And I sigh as I think of your doom.
 Exposed to eternal perdition,
 As madly in folly you roam.

You will think of the words I have spoken,
 The truth to you I declare ;
 And remember the vows you have broken,
 As you sink in the night of despair.

You will cry for the rocks and the mountains
 To bury you deep in the sand,
 Or will plunge in the ocean's dark fountain,
 For who will be able to stand?

At the Laying of the Corner Stone of Antioch College.

1852.

"Behold in fair Zion a chief corner stone,"
 Said the Savior—the Lamb that was slain—
 And he that now buildeth his hopes thereupon,
 Shall never be moved or ashamed.

The *stone* which the builders rejected of old,
 The *head* of the corner became ;
 The "shepherd of Israel," of envy was sold,
 Yet rescued his kindred from shame.

Seven eyes on one stone by the prophet were seen—
 And a *stone* cried out of the wall ;
 The "stripling of Israel," with a stone in his sling,
 Caused the boasting Goliath to fall.

A *stone* from the mountain, cut without hands,
 Broke, in pieces, the vile "man of sin,"
 And scattered its fragments all over the land—
 A mighty, great mountain became.

The Christians are built upon Christ as this *stone*,
 The Scriptures they take as their guide ;
 Believing the people of God should be one,
 Laying party distinctions aside.

A temple of science they think to erect—
 We've issued already the call—
 To favor no party, no nation, no sect,
 But offer its blessings to all.

The name of our temple is Antioch College,
 At the famed Yellow Springs it will stand;
 And each generation seeking for knowledge
 May find a supply in the land.

And, now, in the name of Jehovah we stand,
 Believing in Father and Son;
 With the ungarnished truth—the Bible in hand,
 We here lay this chief corner stone,

Parting Hymn.

Now my time has come for going—
 Now my heart begins to swell,
 While the silent tear is falling—
 Scarcely can say: "My friends, farewell"—
 Yet, farewell to each believer,
 Where my God commands I'll fly—
 We must part, but not forever—
 We shall meet beyond the sky.

While I range through distant regions,
 Far from friends I hold most dear—
 While o'er souls exposed to ruin,
 Oft I shed the anxious tear;
 Still my heart with warm emotion,
 Fondly will revert to you,
 Time nor distance cannot sever
 Me from those I bid adieu.

Say you will your feeblest servant
 On your faithful pinions bear—
 When your love and faith are fervent,
 Will you mention me in prayer?
 Surely on my mind I'll bear *you*—
 Though I may far off remove—
 And my spirit will be with you,
 Till we take our seats above.

The Overthrow of Nineveh.

The sun arose in splendor, and with his orient locks
 Illumed the face of nature, on Horeb's mountain walked ;
 The gentle dews of Hermon were seen at early morn,
 While nature smiled serenely, and all around was calm.

The village spires and windows of splendid Nineveh
 Were blazing in the morning, by Sol's refulgent rays ;
 The scenery, too, was tranquil and calm as silver lake,
 When not a breeze was stirring to make its waters shake.

The king was clothed in scarlet, and costly linen fine,
 Arrayed with gold and jewels, his rubies brightly shine ;
 A royal diadem his wicked temples bore,
 While thousands fell before him, his favor to implore.

The people of the city began their morning song—
 Their music sounded sweetly, the halls of pleasure rang ;
 No mortal thought of sorrow, or of a gathering storm,
 That lowered around their city, to mow their glory down.

But now we see a Jonah, sent by Almighty God,
 Proclaiming their destruction by His avenging rod —
 " Just forty days from this time your destiny you'll know ;
 The God of judgment thunders your awful overthrow.

" Your lofty domes and steeples, that tower to yonder sky,
 Also your solid fortresses, that human power defy,
 Shall tumble into ruin—in forty days shall fall,
 Unless you all repent, and now for mercy call."

* * * * * * *

Here, pause my muse, one moment, what sound is this I hear?
 Is it the sound of music, most charming to my ear?
 Ah! no; 'tis the cry of mourning—the people in despair!
 Are humbled *now*, in ashes, and sackcloth made of hair.

The voice of six score thousand is heard in fervent prayer,
 Bewailing their condition, and saying: " Heaven spare "—
 Their prayers were most effectual, they reached Jehovah's ears,
 And moved Him with compassion—He spared them forty years.

The Singing Evangelist.

Prof. J. E. HAYES.

Go sing the precious gospel in every land and clime,
 Yes, bear the heavenly message, in melody divine;
 And sing it with the "Spirit and understanding, too,"
 Then trust in Jesus' merit to guide you safely through.

Go sing the love of Jesus, and sing, he died for all—
 And wrought out free salvation, for each, both great and small.
 Go sing of shining mansions, and freedom from all sin,
 If we obey the Savior, and "strive to enter in."

There's power in sacred music to melt the hardened soul—
 Subdue the heart to Jesus, and make the wounded whole—
 It soothes the deepest sorrow, and cheers the lonely here,
 And helps us bear our burdens, and wipes the falling tear;

Inspires the soul with ardor, and strengthens all the weak,
 It aids the gospel preacher as he goes forth to speak;
 Then sing of our Redeemer—His wondrous love to men—
 And gather up the lost ones, now in the depths of sin.

May Christ be ever with you, and fill your soul with love;
 May needed inspiration come from the courts above:
 And when your song is ended, you join the blood-washed throng,
 If we forget the *singer*, we'll not forget the *song*.

Three Little Graves.

In that beautiful land of bright glory,
 Three little, loved ones are seen,
 Rehearsing, in sweetness, the story,
 'Mid fields of perennial green.

These three sweet babies were mine,
 They cheered our lone spirits below,
 And when gathered to that distant clime,
 Our tears, of deep anguish, did flow.

Like a bird in the window they sang—
 Like a flower, in our garden, they bloomed—
 Like an angel they gladdened our home—
 Before they went down to the tomb.

But now with their Savior they rest—
 Are free from all sorrow and pain—
 Reclining on Jesus' dear breast,
 They never will suffer again.

Now, three little crowns are prepared,
 And three little harps, newly strung—
 Now, three little voices are heard
 In singing the song of the Lamb.

Now, three little angels are seen—
 Yes, three ransomed spirits of light—
 'Midst sweetest of flowrets they bloom,
 Like three brilliant stars of the night.

On the high walls of Zion they stand,
 And shine like the sun at noonday;
 They beckon to me with their hands,
 Saying: "Father, O! hasten this way."

I weep not for those who are gone,
 Though from my sad heart they are riven;
 But hope, when my earth-work is done,
 I shall meet these dear, loved ones, in heaven.

I Shall Not Desert the Ministry.

You say I'm old and feeble—my locks are thin and gray;
 And ought to leave the pulpit—to younger men give way;
 Although I preach like heaven—my voice is clear and strong—
 I'm active and vigorous, and musical in song.

I also love the Savior, and full of gospel truth—
 Can preach as well, or better, than in the days of youth—
 And the power of truth is with me, and souls are gathered in
 From hedges and highways, and from the depths of sin.

I am a staunch reformer, clear to the forward rank,
 And favor all improvements, and yet am not a crank;
 I preach up Christian union, and fervency in prayer,
 And ask for all the graces with earnestness and care.

The harvest fields are whitening, and faithful reapers few,
 Then why should I be idle, there is so much to do?
 Should I not preach the gospel, and preach it day and night,
 And labor in the vineyard, and work with all my might?

But, then, the younger preachers, with fairer form and face,
Must have a field of labor—are wanting, now, my place—
They are graduates of college, with classic lore and Greek—
Have logic and fine gestures, and know just how to speak.

Did Paul, when he was aged, desert the gospel field ?
And to the noisy clamor for young men ever yield ?
When Timothy, and Titus, and Barnabas were there,
He worked with them, in harmony, to aid, instruct and cheer.

So I design, my brother, continuing in the field,
Nor to your *wise* suggestion do I propose to yield.
I have preached the ancient Gospel for years, almost three score,
And, by the Lord's permission, I will preach it sixty more.

1891.

Opening Address.*

INTRODUCTION.

From the hills and the valleys, from the mountains and streams,
From the scenes of our labor we come ;
From the highways and hedges, the streets and the lanes,
With our staff, and our sandals girt on.

The bleak winds of winter, so piercing and cold,
And hot summer suns we have tried ;
To gather the Lambs unto Jesus, the fold,
And seek for our Master a Bride.

With a spirit undaunted we have battled for right,
And shrunk from no hardship or pain ;
The afflictions endured we have counted but light,
And reckoned our losses all gain.

At the couch of the sick and the dying we've knelt,
And mingled our spirits in prayer ;
For suffering humanity deeply have felt,
As we brushed off the grief-stricken tear.

While we've published salvation to a sin-ruined world,
And held up the light of God's word ;
The banner of goodness and truth have unfurled,
Many, yea many, have flocked to the Lord.

*Delivered before the Miami Christian Conference, at its annual session, held at Yellow Springs, Ohio, August 30, 1859.

'Mid the perils of life, above and beneath,
 And the dangers both seen and unseen,
 The Lord has preserved from sickness and death,
 Upholding us by His right hand.

And now in our annual gathering we meet,
 Both laymen and ministers too;
 And thankful once more that in Conference we greet
 The loved, the tried, and the true.

Old men for counsel and young men for war,
 Is a maxim that Solomon gave;
 And as we look round we may see them all here,
 The old, and the young, and the brave.

'Mid the duties and dangers of last Conference year,
 But one from our ranks has been riven;—
 One watchman of Zion, held sacred and dear,
 Has left, and ascended to heaven.

His widow and children feel lonely and sad,
 And weep as we mention his name;
 The Church and this Conference truly feel bad,
 Yet believe that our loss is his gain.

His seat is now vacant—or filled by another—
 We meet him in Conference no more;
 We pause here one moment—we loved that dear brother,
 Brother Ladley has passed on before.

May wisdom direct us in all that we do,
 No folly or sin in us lurk;
 That when with the labor of Conference we're through,
 Refreshed we may go to our work.

OUR POSITION AND DOCTRINE.

We call ourselves Christians, not anything more,
 No titles succeeding or going before;
 We think it most natural, it leads to no strife,
 For Christ is our husband and we the Lamb's wife.

We give not the glory to Cephas or Paul,
 Appollos or James, for Christ is our all;
 No Wesley or Luther, no Calvin or Fox,
 We claim as a leader, foundation or Rock.

No human invention of platform or creed,
We take as a standard and sacredly heed ;
Our creed is the Bible, the Spirit our guide,
All Christians our brethren—a truth undenied.

The doctrine we teach, and have from our youth,
Is the doctrine of Reason, Revelation and Truth,
Unmixed with traditions and the dogmas of men ;
As pure as the morning, as clear as the sun.

We talk of no three all mysteriously one,
Nor think that our Savior's both Father and Son ;
But believe in one God, and only in one,
And one Mediator between God and man.

The teaching of Jesus, the example He set,
The miracles wrought, the blood and the sweat—
His sufferings and death, as He bore the great load,
Was the atonement He made to bring us to God.

We teach that the church of Messiah is one,
United in spirit like the Father and Son ;
That party distinctions forever should cease,
And saints all unite as dear children of peace.

We advocate liberty of conscience throughout,
Believe in a free interchanging of speech ;
Are liberal in sentiment, feeling and thought,
Designing to practice the doctrine we preach.

Although we are liberal in thought and in deed,
And mean to be free from bigotry's chain ;
The law of the spirit of life we will heed,
Be practical Christians without and within.

The life is what constitutes Christians with us,
Externals are trilling when with it compared ;
The crown we seek lies under the cross ;
The faithful alone for heaven's prepared.

We boast not of members, of titles or fame,
Nor join with the world in their envy and strife ;
With the learned and the great we scarce have a name,
Yet rejoice it is written in the Lamb's book of life

We make no pretensions to smoothness of speech,
Scholastic divinity by us is abhorred ;
The preaching we offer is not out of reach,
But simple and easy, the Word of the Lord.

Enlightened and pious our ministers are,
The banner of purity having unfurled :
Though lacking in polish, not lacking in power,
For truth and good sense we challenge the world.

THE COLLEGE.

There are moments in life when the spirit is sad,
And the heart to desponding is given ;
When the sky is o'ercast and the flowers all fade,
And the soul truly yearneth for heaven.

There are feelings we have that we cannot express,
So sad is the spirit's emotion ;
When the soul is o'erwhelmed in the deepest distress,
Like a mariner lost on the ocean.

There are thoughts that we have that we cannot describe,
When the loved from our bosoms are riven ;
The wise and the good, the true and the tried,
Ascend in their chariots to heaven.

'Tis thus that we feel while we mention the name,
And think of the loss to our college ;
The great and the noble, the loved Horace Mann,
The champion of wisdom and knowledge.

And often we ask, as our Moses is gone,
If a Joshua lives in this region ;
And can he be had to conduct us along,
O'er the turbulent waters of Jordan?

When the loved of the earth, the great and the good,
Are called from their stations in Zion,
'Tis surely no time in discouraging mood,
To give ourselves up to repining.

The clouds may be gloomy, the rain falling fast,
The thunders most awfully pealing,
Yet God will protect us, and we see when it's past,
His love in the tempest revealing.

A man can be found, I doubt not at all,
 To fill this responsible station ;
 A man who will give satisfaction to all,
 And honor the college and nation.

A man of true wisdom and goodness combined,
 Who stands on the top-stone of learning ;
 Who really seems to our people inclined,
 And for their best good has been yearning.

When such is obtained, and obtained he will be,
 These halls will be soon overflowing
 With the youth of our land, both the grave and the gay,
 For we have the means sure of knowing.

Let our brother then rest in the sleep of the grave,
 Baptized with the dew of affection ;
 His spirit commend to that being who gave,
 'Till we meet in the first resurrection.

His widow and orphans, and the students may come,
 As the sun in the west is reclining,
 The myrtle and lily may plant on his tomb,
 Yet never indulge in repining.

THE STORM.

A storm has passed over the land,
 A tempest has darkened the sky,
 Undaunted however we stand,
 And shall till the day that we die.

If asked for the cause of the storm,
 What reason there was for the squall,
 To be honest, and meaning no harm,
 'Twas just about nothing at all.

A mote was in somebody's eye—
 A spot was seen on the sun—
 Old Jealousy set up her cry,
 And all of her votaries run.

Our driftings most surely were bad—
 An enemy lurked in the dark—
 The faithful would soon be betrayed,
 Or eat by a dragon or shark.

The tempest, however, is past,
Again the horizon is clear;
Yet nobody's hurt by the blast,
And the flowers of affection appear.

We hope it may charity teach,
And wisdom be learned by the past;
That kindness extending to each
Will meet its reward at the last.

And also, that envy and strife,
As oft in the Scripture is said;
Will sap the foundations of life,
And fall on the slanderer's head.

My brethren, we ought to be one,
And labor to benefit all;
United, we most surely will stand,
Divided, as surely will fall.

The measure to others we give,
To us will be measured again;
And we will surely receive,
The treatment we offer to them.

If kindness and love is the rule,
Forbearance and charity ours,
The cup of our bliss will be full,
Our pathway be scattered with flowers.

OUR PROSPECTS.

It gives us joy without alloy,
To see the morning light;
Our sky is clear, our sun appears,
And prospects now are bright.

Young men we see with conscience free,
Whose hearts are full of zeal;
With us unite to bear the light,
And do their Master's will.

With book in hand they boldly stand,
The gospel now to preach;
With earnest heart the truth impart,
To all within their reach.

Our Sabbath schools with Scripture rules,
 Throughout the land are seen ;
 The youth are brought and early taught
 To shun the paths of sin.

Our friends awake strong measures take,
 To fill our lands with schools ;
 From party free and bigotry,
 And from sectarian rules.

Our college here redeemed this year,
 And to the Christians given,
 In this fair land shall ever stand.
 And from us ne'er be riven.

Some in the east, some in the west,
 One in the sunny south ;
 With fountains pure of literature,
 Now training up the youth.

Our papers, too, appear in view,
 In majesty are drest :
 Improved in tone, at least the one
 Belonging to the west.

Of this to-day, not much I'll say,
 Lest some should think me vain ;
 But this is true, as known to you,
 It needed such a change.

MYSELF

Sometimes it happens in sweet retrospection,
 Events deep and thrilling appear to our view ;
 Our spirits arousing and giving direction,
 We start off in life with an energy new.

So should I indulge in this a few moments—
 And call up the past as connected with me :
 Speak of the loved, and those sacred endearments—
 You'll pardon, if vain you may take me to be.

Ten years of my childhood had scarcely departed,
 When death on his pale horse appeared at our door ;
 I wept in deep anguish, I felt broken-hearted,
 That lovely, dear mother, I knew was no more.

When a youth at nineteen, I sought for the Savior,
And entered the service of God and the Lamb;
Felt happy in God, yet watched well my behavior,
And preached my first sermon when just twenty-one.

From then till the present, I never have faltered—
But published the gospel steadily on;
For twenty-five years my compass unaltered—
And will be for twenty-five years to come.

The storms of this life beat heavy upon me,
And often I sigh for a season of rest,
Yet, nothing discouraged, these things do not move me,
I wish to wear out in the cause I love best.

The church of my choice I surely love dearly,
And never shall leave it while a plank there is left;
And stronger, yea stronger, my attachments are yearly,
As onward we move toward the land of the blest.

And now let me offer to you in conclusion
Reflections I have that may benefit some;
And I hope what I say you'll not think a delusion,
Remember, I'm speaking just now to the young.

As you feel impressed to publish salvation,
Yet linger, perhaps, almost fearing to go;
I would say to you surely, without hesitation,
Commence in the work, the gospel trump blow.

The fields are now white, all ready for reaping,
And laborers faithful are seemingly few;
And spirits immortal on ruin's brink sleeping,
Then, Watchman, we ask, Oh! where now are you?

"The harvest is past and the summer is ended,"
Will soon be the wailing of spirits in woe;
The day of probation will then be suspended,
The soft gales of mercy no longer will blow.

Go enter the vineyard—no longer delaying—
Lay every excuse and temptation aside;
Though it be in great weakness, trusting and praying,
Go win for our Master in heaven a bride.

My speech now is ended, I bid you adieu,
 And hope on your journey you'll faithful pursue;
 Go forth to your labors when the Conference is o'er—
 Be ten times as useful as ever before.

The field is before us, extensive and wide,
 The foe is advancing with wonderful stride;
 A voice now is calling from the deep haunts of woe,
 Ye Watchmen of Zion, the gospel trump blow.

Go save the inebriate, release the oppressed,
 Go say to the weary in Jesus there's rest;
 Call home the backslider, bring sinners to God,
 Encouraging Christians now traveling the road.

Before we in Conference assemble again,
 No doubt in the graveyard some will be lain;
 Yet we trust in the Savior who for us was given,
 If faithful to God, we will meet them in heaven.

My Own Dear Native Home.

Written at the age of eighty.

I'm an exile and a stranger as here on earth I roam,
 And often feel quite weary, as I have no earthly home;
 Yet know our Lord and Master is fitting up a place
 In our Father's heavenly mansion, the kingdom of His grace;
 He said to His disciples, as He was going away,
 To fit up precious mansions for His people in that day,
 He would come again in glory, when the work on earth was done,
 And take His weary children to their immortal home.

I have preached the ancient gospel for sixty happy years,
 And warned the careless sinner in earnestness and tears;
 Inviting all to Jesus, the aged and the youth,
 And saw them bow in penitence and thus obey the truth.
 And often have I labored in sunshine and in storm,
 And felt the pangs of hunger, of cold neglect, and scorn;
 And often been so weary that I could scarcely stand,
 Yet knew that Christ would guide me to my own dear native land.

My early friends have left me for their immortal home,
Have left me sad and lonely to journey on alone ;
My form is bent with labor, my locks with age are gray,
My eyes are dim with seeing and short my earthly stay.
Yet God is ever with me and joy my heart doth swell,
My faith is strong as ever as Jesus' love I tell ;
My hope is like an anchor as by the cross I stand,
And know I soon will enter my own dear native land.

And yet I wish to labor in the vineyard of the Lord
And gather up the lost ones now on the downward road ;
Assisting every Christian to press on to the end,
And tell the poor backslider that Christ is still his friend ;
And when my toil is over, my earthly race is run,
I hope to hear applaudets of "Well and faithful done,"
And join the blood-washed millions around that great, white throne,
In that delightful country, my own dear native home.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY



0035521287

956.6
EL59

BRITTLE DO NOT
PHOTOCOPY

MAY 7 1958

